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The Sketch

No. 2136.—Vol. CLXV. WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 3, 1934. ONE SHILLING.

DOROTHY WILDING.

"HOOPS": BEATRICE LILLIE.

MISS BEATRICE LILLIE (in private life, Lady Peel) is at her high-spirited best in "PLEASE," the André Charlot Revue at the Savoy. She wears this "little sailor-girl" kit in the number called "Hoops."

MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.

HERE WE ARE AGAIN!

THE first thing that strikes the impartial observer about the year 1934 is that it does not divide by four. At least, I don't think so; but, as mental arithmetic was never my strong suit—not even at Contract Bridge—I had better verify the statement. . . . No; I have worked it out carefully on paper, and I repeat, without fear of contradiction, that the year 1934 does not and cannot divide by four. To film-stars, matinée idols (if there are such things nowadays), Apollos with the bronze of Madeira still upon them, and others of the more ornate among the sex to which, through no fault of my own, I belong, the mathematical aspect of 1934 will come as a considerable relief. To others of us, who stand in no danger of proposals of marriage except from intending bigamists, the circumstance is lacking in pep. We cannot, however, help being interested in other facets of the dawning year.

"THE SKETCH" SILVER PRINTS.

By this time our readers are familiar with our SILVER PRINTS. With every fresh issue of a new portrait in this series of our film favourites PRINTED BY AN ENTIRELY NEW METHOD, the enthusiasm grows. The extraordinary effect obtained by the use of SILVER INK has been hailed as fascinating. We began the series with a picture of Miss Jean Harlow in BLUE AND SILVER, and followed with others of the Misses Marlene Dietrich, Greta Garbo, and Joan Crawford. Last week we began a new series in BLACK AND SILVER with a portrait of Miss Norma Shearer, and this week we continue with one of MISS CONSTANCE BENNETT. We shall give a study of MISS CLAUDETTE COLBERT in our next number. We advise all readers interested in this novel and attractive form of portraiture to place their orders with their newsagents without delay to ensure that they shall not miss any one of this series of Presentation Plates.

For example, does the New Era begin with this First of January? There is, everybody is agreed, room for improvement in the General Outlook. What, it has been shrewdly asked by several publicists of note, will the New Year bring forth? My own view (since you insist on having it) has been expressed once for all by a man whom I once heard discussing the state of trade. He was conducting a somewhat heated argument with a friend in a railway carriage. I had the impression, I trust not censorious, that he and his friend had chosen the refreshment room as a suitable place to while away the tedium of waiting for the train. He summed up his position in the following striking terms: "Well, it all comes to this, that if things don't change soon, they 'll stay as they blinkin'-well are." In my opinion, none of our distinguished economists has described the situation with more profound insight. I adopt this thinker's view entirely, and I feel convinced that, unless things change in 1934, then in 1935 they will remain as they blinkin'-well are.

TUDORISMS AT TABLE!

THE LADY OF THE HOUSE: "Don't take any notice of 'im, Mrs. 'iggins; 'e's been like this since 'e saw 'Enery the Eighth on the pictures."

DRAWN BY THOMPSON.

Ah, but will they? What about the World Situation? Casting our eyes round, what do we find? In the United States, three events of supreme importance are engaging the attention of every thinking man and woman. The first is National Recovery. To those familiar—as who is not familiar?—with the economic principles of General Johnson, Professor Roly, and his brilliant assistant, Professor Poly (if I forgot to mention President Roosevelt, it was mere inadvertence): to those, I say, who have read Our American Correspondent instead of confining themselves exclusively to the Loch Ness Monster, any comment on National Recovery will seem superfluous in a journal like this, which does not claim to be primarily economic. The second outstanding event is that the drought has broken, and that a person of normal instincts may now obtain (for about a sovereign) a bottle of whisky which will not necessarily blind him for life. The third "nation-wide" phenomenon is the conjunction of two planets, called Mae West and Mr. Walter Disney's "Three Little Pigs." Which of these three events will prove the more momentous in 1934 it is as yet impossible to say.

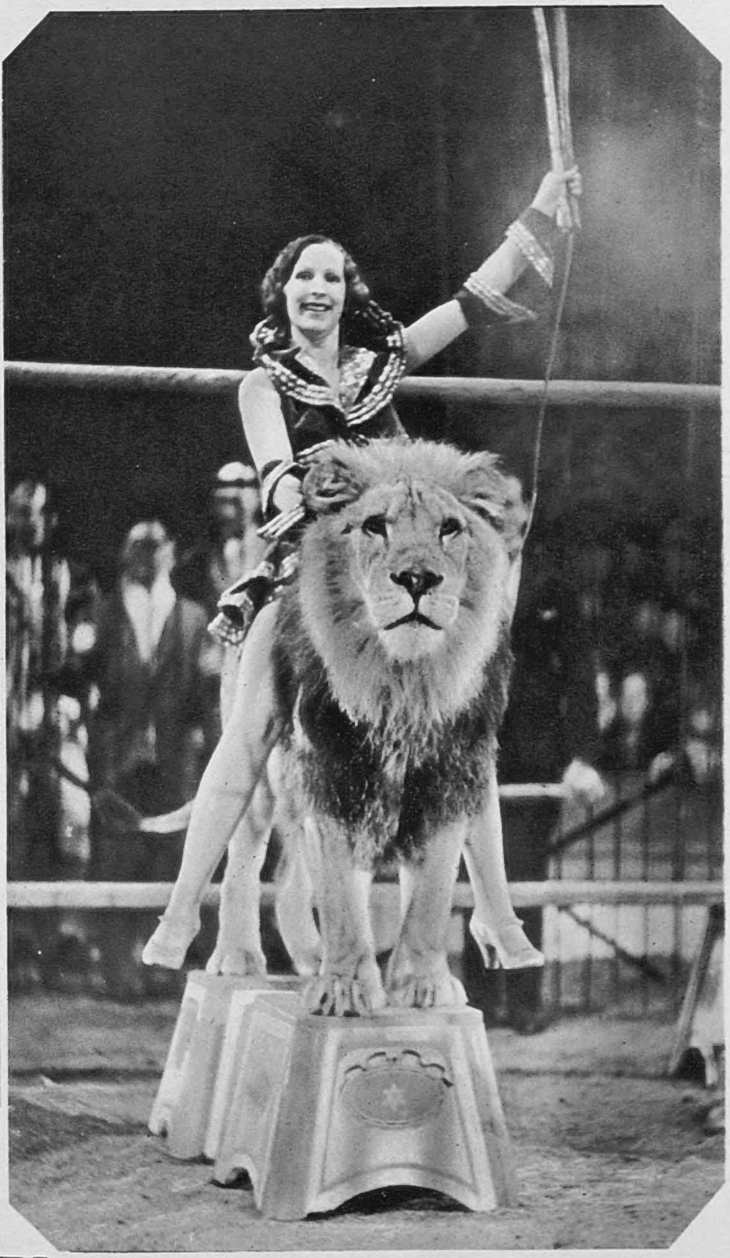
Then turn to Europe. In France, the only industry which has shown a real revival is that of cabinet-making; and even this trade does not seem able to produce an article of sound design or durable quality. It cannot be said that there is a really convinced Yuletide or New Year spirit in France; you can't get a French politician, just at the moment, to go seven no-trumps on peace on earth and goodwill among men. Across the Rhine it is another story; *there* you have millions of people forming fours and doing the goose step, solely in order to show the world how passionately they believe in peace on earth and goodwill among men. There is hardly a true Nordic in Germany who is not prepared to knock you down for venturing to question the advantages of the Great Aryan Peace; and yet, in spite of all their neighbours say, you cannot get these cynical Frenchmen to take Aryan New Year resolutions in a spirit of child-like faith. In Spain, to take another example, they do not seem as tranquil as one would wish at this season of love and kind regards, and foreign observers despair of calculating how many revs. per minute the machine of government is capable of doing. Then at Geneva there have been undeniable discouragements, and some of our most thoughtful internationalists in that city have been asking the perturbing question—if nations go on behaving like this, entering the League of Nations and leaving it just as they feel inclined, what, pray, is to become of our jobs? The behaviour of Japan and Germany has caused the greatest indignation among pacifists, and the prospects of international harmony are seriously endangered by the ferocity with which so many apostles of peace are rattling the olive-branch. The only person who seems to have been enjoying himself lately is Mussolini, and I am not sure that it would not be simpler for all concerned if we asked him to run the world for us on one-party lines. After all, if it is possible for the M.C.C. and the Australian Board of Control to settle things comfortably, it ought to be possible for statesmen to achieve at least the same degree of sweet reasonableness.

Nothing is more certain than this, that we all want a 1934 of perfect peace, understanding, and brotherly love. Everybody says so, on every occasion and in all circumstances. It is the one point on which there is no disagreement. Then why do we not *get* peace, understanding, and brotherly love?

"LIONISED"

VIOLETTE D'ARGENS AND HER "BIG CATS."

MISS VIOLETTE D'ARGENS and her LIONS provide one of the big thrills of the Bertram Mills Circus at Olympia. LORD LONSDALE was present at the opening. He is here chatting to Mlle. d'Argens.

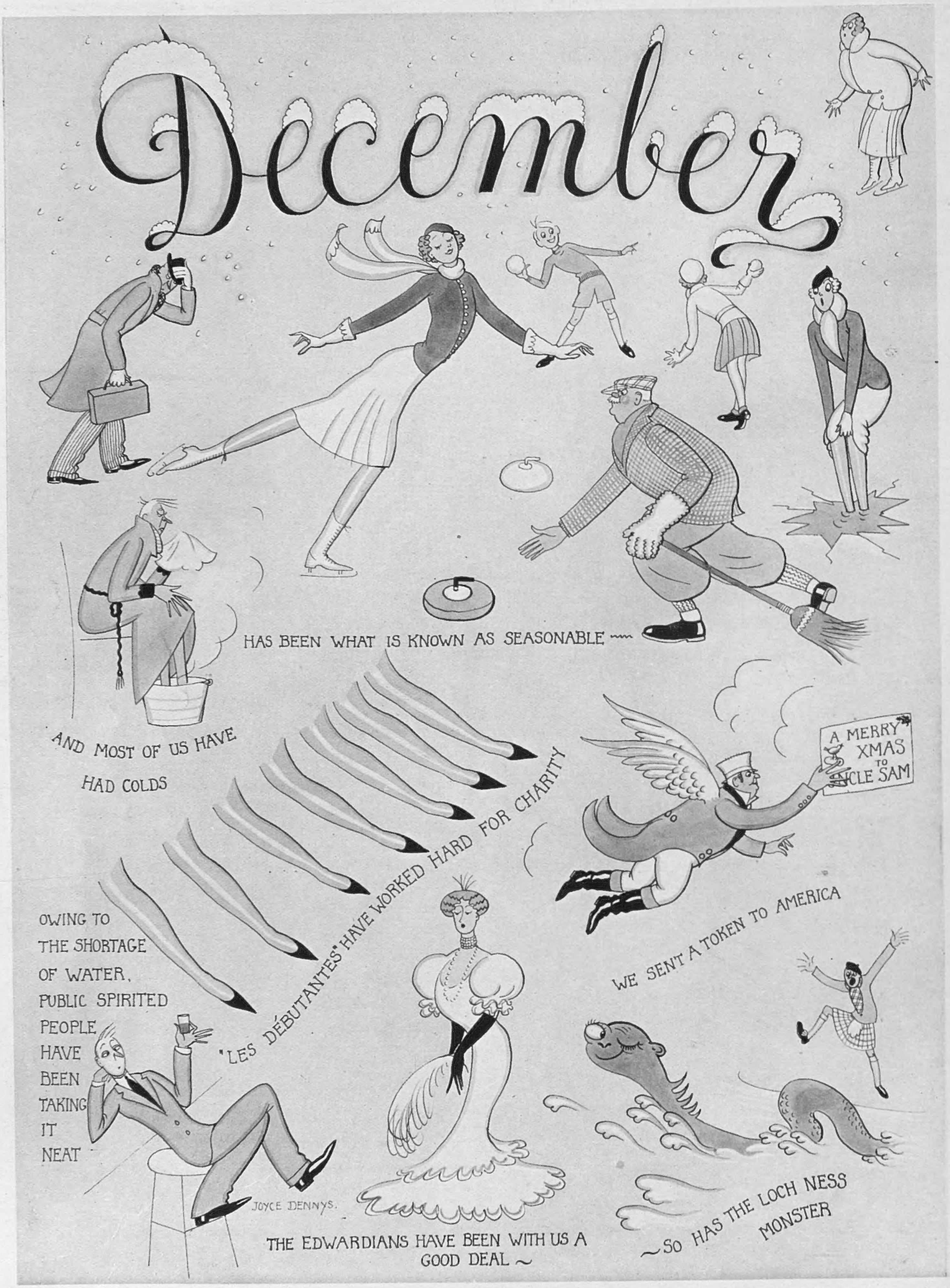


In circus parlance, lions are called "Big Cats." Mlle. d'Argens is on the best of terms with hers.

The Olympia Circus "Lady of Lions" is a striking figure. She has never before been seen in London. Apart from her lions, which she loves, her interests are playing the piano and reading. Books of travel appeal to her specially.

PHOTOGRAPHS SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY WILLIAM DAVIS.

Mlle. Violette d'Argens' act with her lions is remarkable. She moves freely about in the big cage, carrying only a whip, which she uses for "cueing" the animals and pointing out their pedestals.



"THE SKETCH" REVIEW OF THE MONTH.

"THE SKETCH" has decided to help its readers to keep in the movement by sizing up the months as they go by and recording the salient features of each. Not being Old Moore, with a prophetic eye, or Wells plus Dr. Philip Raven plus a historian of 2106, we are compelled to look backward, with the aid of Miss Joyce Dennys. This is what happened in December.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY JOYCE DENNYS.

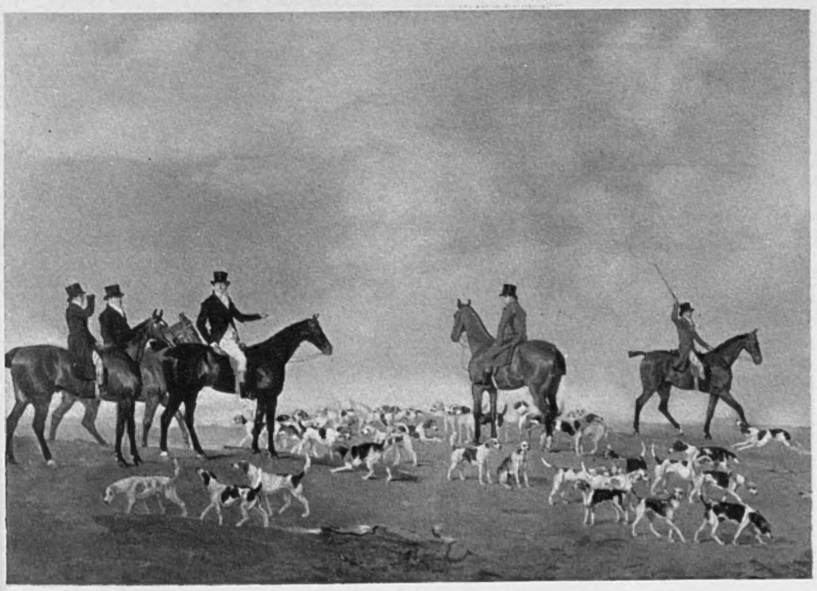
CRICKET, SKATING, FISHING, AND HORSES IN BRITISH ART.

"THE SWAINE FAMILY."—By ARTHUR DEVIS (c. 1711—1787).
(Lent by Mr. Arthur N. Gilbey.)

"BOY WITH BAT."—By FRANCIS COTES (1726—1770).
(Lent by Lord Brocket.)

"SKATING ON THE SERPENTINE."—By JULIUS CÆSAR IBBETSON (1759—1817).
(Lent by Major K. M. Agnew.)

"PHANTOM."—By BEN MARSHALL.
(Lent by Lord Woolavington.)



"MR. FERMORE."—By BEN MARSHALL (1767—1835).
(Lent by Lord Woolavington.)

OUR national preoccupation with sport is well illustrated in the wonderful EXHIBITION OF BRITISH ART which opens on Saturday next, January 6, at the Royal Academy. Arthur Devis's Conversation Piece of the family out fishing is full of charm; the Ibbetson picture of men and children on skates (no women are seen on the ice) would hardly be recognised as representing the Serpentine, but is specially interesting as it shows what is now our London Lido. Ben Marshall's hunting and racing pictures prove that, though the jockey has changed his seat, a thoroughbred looked the same yesterday as it does to-day, and that hunters and fox-hounds have not altered much in type.

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QUAINT COSTUMES IN BRITISH ART—INCLUDING AN 18th-CENTURY HENRY VIII.

"MASTER CREWE AS HENRY VIII."—By SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS (1723—1792).
(Lent by the Marquess of Crewe.)

"MAN AND WOMAN WALKING IN A LANDSCAPE."—By JOHN DOWNMAN (D. 1824).
(Lent by Mr. J. A. E. de Rothschild.)

"THE EARL OF SANDWICH IN ETON MONTEM COSTUME."—By RICHARD LIVESAY (D. 1823).
(Lent by the Earl of Sandwich.)

"ANNE VAVASOUR."—Anonymous (Sixteenth century).
(Lent by Mr. Francis Howard.)

"CAPTAIN THOMAS LEE."—Anonymous (Sixteenth century).
(Lent by Mr. Francis Howard.)

VISITORS to the EXHIBITION OF BRITISH ART, which opens at the Royal Academy Galleries on Saturday, January 6, will be amused to observe that the Tudor craze is not confined to 1933! There was an outbreak of it in the eighteenth century, for Sir Joshua Reynolds painted Master Crewe as Henry VIII.!——The Downman picture of the lady in a top-hat and a black lace-trimmed pelisse and apron is a delightful fancy-dress suggestion; the bare legs of the Elizabethan Captain Lee are very 1933; and Anne Vavasour's costume is exquisite.——"Montem" was observed by Eton boys every three years until 1847. On Whit Tuesday they proceeded *ad montem* (to a mount called Salt Hill, near Slough) and extracted a gratuity called *salt money* from all who passed. The money collected (sometimes as much as £1000) was used to defray the expenses of the senior scholar at King's College, Cambridge.——Mrs. Jordan, the famous actress and mistress of William IV., is shown in a wonderful head-dress. She is the ancestress of the Earl of Munster.

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"MRS. JORDAN."—By JOHN HOPPNER (1758—1810).
(Lent by Lady Stern.)

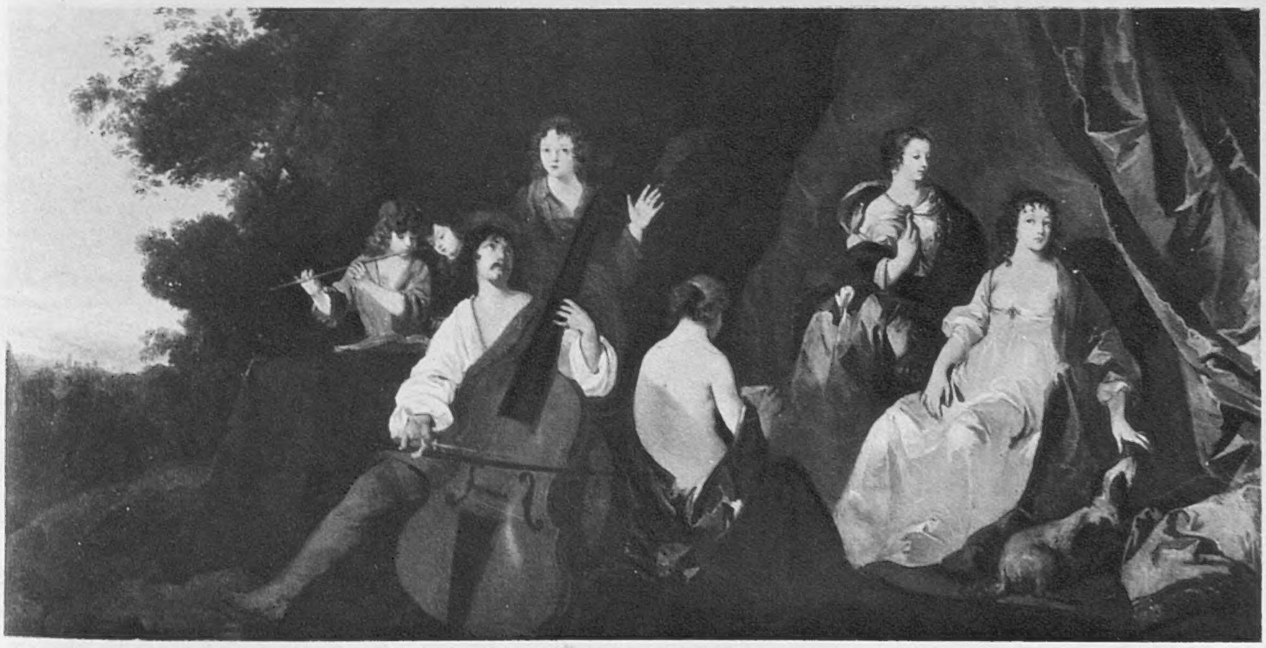
"MRS. WILLIAMS."—By JOHN HOPPNER.
(Lent by Mr. O. S. Ashcroft.)

VICTORIAN TRAVEL AND 18th - CENTURY MUSICAL PARTIES IN BRITISH ART.

"THE RAILWAY STATION."—By W. P. FRITH (1819—1909).
(Lent by the Royal Holloway College.)

"MUSIC PARTY ON THE THAMES."—By JOHANN ZOFFANY (1733—1810).
(Lent by Miss O. Lloyd Baker.)

"MUSIC PARTY."—By JOSEPH FRANCIS NOLLEKENS (1702—1748).
(Lent by Captain E. G. Spencer-Churchill.)



"FAMILY GROUP."—By SIR PETER LELY (1618—1680).
(Lent by Viscount Lee of Fareham.)

ONE of the most fascinating aspects of the great EXHIBITION OF BRITISH ART at the Royal Academy, which opens on January 6, is provided by the pictures illustrating English life in bygone centuries. Frith's crowded canvas depicting a railway station in the crinoline period, for instance, shows details such as putting the luggage on the top of the train, which strike the modern eye as intensely curious. Music played an important part in English eighteenth-century life, and many of the most charming "Conversation Pieces" show distinguished persons both listening to music and as executants.

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WINTER-SPORT ASIDES.

By PAMELA MURRAY.

CAPTAIN EDWARD BEDDINGTON-BEHRENS is here seen about to escort MISS URSULA HORLICK, a lovely débutante of 1934, on a car expedition.

MISS SYBIL PITMAN is here posed with MR. WALTER KARRI-DAVIES and MR. TIM PITMAN. Mr. Karri-Davies is the son of the late Colonel Karri-Davies. The Pitmans are the son and daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Pitman. They hunt with the Beaufort and live near Bath.

This group shows some of the Oxford team on skis at Sestrières. They are Messrs. MERVYN THOMAS, PETER HAMILTON-SMITH, FRANK WALTER (President and past Captain of the team), J. C. BURGOYNE-JOHNSON, B. M. OSTRER (Captain), J. T. DAVIES, and DUNCAN KESSLER.

THE journey towards winter sport is a crescendo of excitement. At Victoria, fog. At Dover, more fog. In mid-Channel, a swell; and at Calais two swells in astrakhan collars but no Rome Express—not so swell. We waited twenty minutes in draughts, a *déraillement* having occurred. The express made up those twenty minutes in nerve-shattering style, before wandering round the *Ceinture* for several hours. I wonder if trains ever get lost between the Nord and the P.L.M., and if so, who looks after them? What a sad little picture!—handkerchiefs, please. After weeping, we can wave them at frozen Paris as it gets left behind, and in the morning mop the windows to make sure it's Chambéry. (Just as well Aunt Millicent gave us another dozen this Christmas. She always does—bless her heart!) After breakfast, which costs thirteen francs (why not fourteen for luck?), there's nothing to do but wait for Mondane, where the train waits the best part of an hour, the worst part being that two hours are wasted because Italian time's right ahead of England and France. Too bad. Officials marked each ski with green chalk, and prodded suit-cases for traces of coffee and fresh vegetables, while the train amused itself making noises like a Loch Ness monster.

At Oulx junction there's snow everywhere, and a motor-bus which wends up towards the stars until the crazy towers of Sestrières make you think you're seeing stars anyway. Visualise a hotel built like one of the latest London gasometers, painted cream, with windows going round and round, no chimneys or other concessions to convention; and then picture a second painted orange. They look like two reels of cotton, standing on end in the dazzling sunlight. Brave New World and Good-bye to All Those who "couldn't possibly live in a flat, darling—too modern and monotonous for words, and John says he simply must have his OWN front door."

The architecture here expresses a communal spirit. Every room is like a cabin, and every cabin has labour-saving fittings to fill several Home Pages. There are no staircases, but a rising gradient connects the floors, so each room is at a different level, though from outside the windows are level. Work that out in your spare time. The interior proportions are pleasing, even if the second tower is so new that the paint comes off. I advise the next batch of visitors to bring turpentine, and on no account to be parted from their big luggage, as it gets carried on to another Sestrières near Rapallo, where it goes to ground, or sea. Miss Bettine Tollemache, one of 1934's pretty débutantes, is being teased as "the girl who has no underclothes"—her trunk preferred a Riviera holiday, but may return in time for the journey home.

When I arrived before Christmas "the village" wasn't built, but already some of the shops are open, although you have to wade through shavings and hammerings into the Post Office, where pandemonium reigns. The Fascist system may have organised everything else, but it has yet to conquer this bit of Italian soil. Three harassed *signorinas* deal with the mail of three thousand visitors, while carpenters surround the telephonist, so that a call to London is punctuated with a new set of sounds, and at night, when the line might be clear, there is no line. All very primitive and amusing—or primitive and irritating, according to whether you're in the newspaper world or a carefree Lunn-er. The picture of Il Duce which hangs in this Alice in Wonderland bureau inspires confidence for the first three-quarters of an hour. After that you hire a car to fetch those stamps from Turin.

In the ideal sunshine which comes on about ten-thirty and stays on till tea-time there are idyllic practice slopes, and two bucket funiculars plying between mountain tops and the Torre Hotel, where they disappear into the walls. So Oxford and Cambridge only had to walk through their hotel hall to catch trains. I'm writing in the middle of their races, and Cambridge, having got the first four Langlauf places, is well ahead. As they haven't won this event for years, Michael Weaver (captain) is extra pleased. Roger Bushell has trained the team, and little Bill Clyde, an easy landmark in a white American "sweat-shirt" (unelegant word—pardon), did the same by Oxford.

The "chaps" give the ski-ing round here absolutely full marks, saying the Colle de Basset run down to Oulx compares favourably with the Parsenn, and that's saying some. You would rather have their opinion than mine, but, after viewing the snow depth on the Basset, I'm inclined

to agree, though loyalty to the Parsenn persists. This is glorious open country, with no overhanging mountains and no glaciers. Many possible tours are still undeveloped, but there are plenty to go on with. Those coming out later should bring their own skis, as demand exceeds supply. There are ski schools and ski guides, and, in fact, everything for ski-ers and very little for those who only stand and wait. We mustn't be too critical of a new place which has been run up in the night, but comparisons with the exceptionally highly ordered comfort of Switzerland and the myriad social amusements of St. Moritz are inevitable.

Some of the charmingly easy-going and super-civilised St. Moritz spirit prevails at the Principi di Piemonte, the only hotel which looks like a house and has a luxury standard second to none. It 's over half a mile from the others and almost as modern inside, with delicious snow-pictures by Martelli, who was in the Prince of Piedmont's regiment and discovered by him. The Prince was here last week, and will be again, as it 's his particular playground. Comte Nico de' Sangro (brother of " Ricardo," the ducal president of Corviglia Club, St. Moritz) and his charming wife, Princesse de Faucigny-Lucinge (Baba's youthful mother-in-law), Ernest Solvay and family (he 's the Belgian Chemical King), and the André de Limurs were early arrivals.

A great many Mürren-ers are treading the slopes and crowding the funiculars—no doubt getting in training for their pet resort later in the month. Someone brightly remarked, on seeing Chris Mackintosh, Durelle Sale-Barker, Di Crewdson, and the Harry Eatons : " One might as well be at Mürren." Durelle wears plus-fours, and so does Miss Crewdson, who has a very neat small waist, and a very neat small red waterproof jacket. She 's perhaps a better all-round ski-er than *La* Barker, but has not quite the same " do-or-die " race temperament. Both are in the All-England class. They 're disappointed that Lady Jean Mackintosh hasn't been able to come out, owing to her daughter Sheenagh getting whooping-cough.

This group seated in the snow consists of MR. and MRS. KENNETH WAGG in the foreground, with other members of their party behind. Mrs. Wagg was formerly Miss Katherine Horlick, and is a daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. James Horlick.

MR. HARRY EATON and the HON. BRIAN LEWIS are here seen on their way to the funicular at Sestrières. Mr. Lewis is the brilliant young England racing motorist; and Mr. Eaton is one of our better ski-ers and a pillar of Mürren, to which he will probably adjourn later.

New arrivals are the Kenneth Waggs, who had the most appalling journey with two thousand people on the Channel boat. Mrs. Wagg has brought her sister, Miss Horlick, which is good news for the quantities of young men who say they don't want to dance, the reason being there was no one to dance with before the Christmas rush. Duncan Kessler, Honorary Secretary of the Oxford team, has a smile and a sister. The others I can't sort out, being neither young enough nor old enough to see them as heroes, but if Michael Weaver doesn't succeed in life I 'll be surprised. He 's got a sense of responsibility, some humour, and splendid physique. Perhaps he isn't pushing enough, but occasionally the race goes to the strong and not the crafty.

By the time you read this, Lady Cranborne, with sisters and children, will have arrived ; also the Coxes from the American Embassy, and the Reginald Fosters, who are joining the de Limurs. Robert Montgomery, the film star, will shine on Sestrières, and that inseparable trio, Leonard Govett, Hamar Bagnall, and the Marquess of Donegall, have booked. Problem : Are *Les* Girls coming too ? Tunie Karri-Davies, of *Les* Débutantes, is scheduled, and one of the Crossley sisters has arrived, but whether Pam or Delia I don't yet know. The third is Mrs. Mike Wardell, you ought to know.

Military teem in these parts. The Italian army exercises on ski every morning, and is sent to trample down crusted slopes for pampered visitors. They also open up new roads with the aid of snow-ploughs, and generally make themselves useful. The poor things wear greenish tweed capes and mufflers, much too thick for this basking climate (by Easter everyone will be ski-ing *au nature*), and all look as strong as mules. They carry an immense portable wireless high into the so-called Secret Territory, with forts on every summit. There 's a nice story which happens to be true (don't stop me if you 've heard it !) about the Lunn-er who was annoyed at not being able to buy a ski-ing map (they are forbidden ; and one can't be too tactful with a camera, either) ; so he told his tale of woe to a friend, who produced a FRENCH map showing all the Italian fortifications in detail.

Parting Note. — Mr. Beddington-Behrens (or is it Captain ?) has brought his own guide over from Switzerland, and his own portable piano. He sings.

COMTE ANDRÉ DE LIMUR and MISS MARY BROCKLEBANK are here seen off for an expedition in one of the baby cars which are so popular in the land of snow and skis. Miss Brocklebank is being chaperoned by the youthful Mrs. Kenneth Wagg.

"WHEN I WAS LAST A-FISHING."

Fish Monstrosities.

News of the capture of a three-eyed roach in the River Avon reaches me from a friend in Birmingham. Monstrosities among fish are not uncommon, so there is no reason to doubt this report, but it is unfortunate that the specimen was not preserved. Particularly so as the discovery was made after the fish had been cleaned with others. There is just a possibility that the third eye found under the bottom jaw, right in the centre, actually belonged to one of the other fish and only appeared to be a fixture.

As proof that several instances of fish with two mouths have been recorded, I give a picture of a whiting pout which was caught by an angler in the Solent off Cowes. This whiting pout took the hook baited with ragworm and was hooked in the lower mouth. The upper mouth was fixed in the position as shown in the photograph. It is believed that this deformity is always the result of injury. Fish with two heads are the commonest monstrosity. Specimens have been known among sea fish—I have seen a good photograph of a double-headed dog-fish—but the double-monster formation appears to be an inherent tendency in salmonid eggs. The eggs of trout are most inclined to this development, and when the oxygen supply during early growth is deficient, twin and double specimens frequently occur. Such monstrosities are often produced in hatcheries.

The whiting pout in this photograph had TWO MOUTHS, but could only close the lower one.

A Spartan Chevender, or Chub.

Sport was poor, as might be expected with the river so low and clear. As the afternoon wore on, Mr. Lupton, of Harrogate, took a fish or two, and at a quarter to three had the satisfaction of catching quite a nice chub of 2 lb. He popped it into his bag and fished on for a while, then returned home, arriving just before five o'clock. On emptying the fish out of the bag, Mr. Lupton was surprised to notice the chub was still alive. When put into water, Mr. Chevender soon recovered, so he was transferred to a large zinc bath in the yard, pending his removal to more commodious quarters in a nearby pond. Having done this, Mr. Lupton dismissed the chub from his mind and took his wife to the cinema. On their return at 10.30 p.m., the chub was lying all but dead on the concrete. He might have been less impetuous, perhaps, if he could have looked before he leapt. Back in the bath again, he quickly revived, and will shortly take up residence in a large pond. Whether he will adapt himself to his altered circumstances is an open question. Possibly he will take one more leap and end his chequered career.

Captain C. A. Salmonson's beautiful trout weighed 21 lb.

Roach Angler's Encounter with Big Salmon.

Just after the salmon season closed on the Hampshire Avon, Mr. S. Q. Platts had a curious experience with a salmon. His friend Mr. R. Gradwell-Walker, who shares with him a stretch of the Avon near Ringwood, told me the story. Mr. Platts hooked the salmon while he was roach-fishing, and for two hours he played it on his fine tackle until it was nearly beaten. While it lay in shallow water within a few feet of the bank, the numerous spectators had a plain view of the salmon and judged it to be about thirty pounds. As Mr. Platts exerted all the pressure he could to bring the salmon near enough to tail it, a huge cock salmon appeared and nosed up against the hen fish, then dashed across the river and leaped out of the water. This manœuvre was repeated two or three times, and the hen fish became more and more excited, until, with a renewed burst of strength, it followed the cock fish across the river. Again the big fish leapt, and the hen followed suit, breaking the fine gut. Mr. Gradwell-Walker believes that the escape was planned by the big salmon, but few anglers would give salmon the credit for possessing a tithe of such intelligence. Probably the hen fish was being hustled by her consort, who objected to her tarrying on the way to the spawning-grounds.

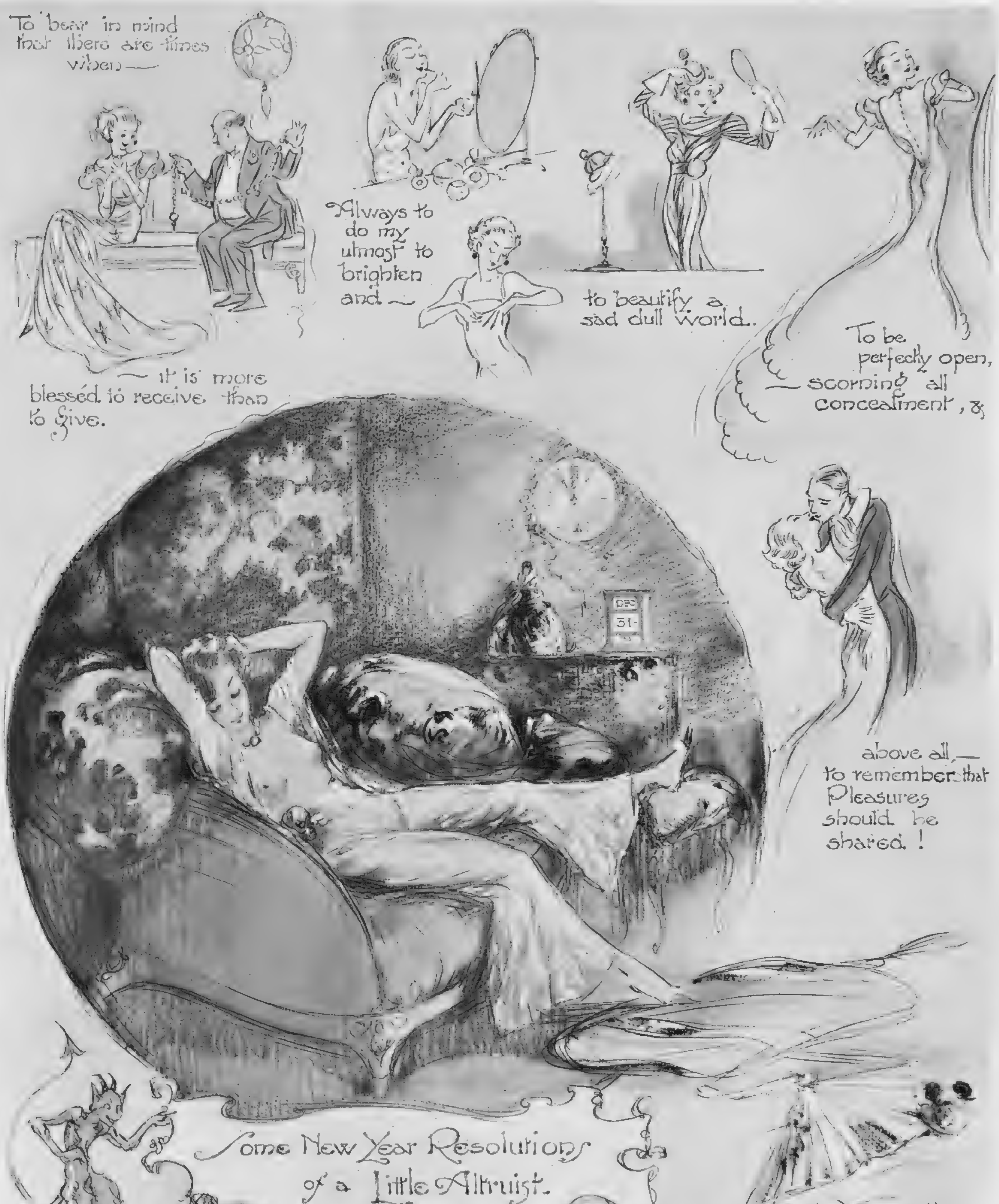
WINTER FISHING IN HOLLAND is illustrated by this interesting snapshot sent by a Dutch reader. As soon as the lakes and rivers freeze over, fishing is done on the ice. Square holes of about 4 feet are made in the ice, and the fish, in search of fresh air, are attracted to these holes. A live minnow on a very strong gut and a float are lowered into these holes and good catches are made. Our snapshot, taken at Nieuwkoop, shows Mrs. E. H. Lampen, the wife of Mr. E. H. Lampen, of Amsterdam, with a fine pike of 12 lb. which she has just landed.

Owing to the exceedingly low state of the Avon, parts of the river have been frozen over recently for the first time for a great many years. Mr. Gradwell-Walker said that he had not taken a pike on live bait this season, though he had a number on the spinner. Whether this is due to the low, clear water he was unable to say. In a shallow lake close by he found two carp frozen up, and succeeded in removing them safely by breaking the ice around them. It was in this lake that the big catch of tench was made which was illustrated in *The Sketch* last summer.

Huge Swedish Trout.

Few trout over 20 lb. in weight have been caught on rod and line, and the majority of such monsters are netted in big lakes on the Continent. This fact lends added interest to the 21-lb. trout pictured on this page, for it was caught in a river. Captain C. A. Salmonson, Vice-President of the Stockholms Sportsfiskeklubb, caught this "Size 12" in trout at Åvkarleö, in Dalälven, and kindly sent me the photograph and particulars. Except for an American line, the tackle he used was all of British manufacture. The rod was a split cane only 5½ feet in length, and the bait was a coppered Devon-spinner. Captain Salmonson mentions that he played the fish only for about twenty minutes when it came up by the boat and was gaffed long before it was tired out. The capture of this big trout in August was exceptional, as the trout in this river rarely take fly or spinner later than June.

R. L. MARSTON.



RESOLUTIONS WHICH WILL NOT BE BROKEN!

DRAWN BY A. K. MACDONALD.

INTO THE FIRE.

By ALAN KENNINGTON.

(BEING OUR SHORT STORY.) *

BLAIR and Kerrigan sat with their coat-collars turned up under a dripping thorn-hedge on a Sussex road, staring gloomily at the drizzle and darkness around. In the ditch below them lay the wreckage of their car, with a snapped front-axle and one head-lamp still glaring at the sky.

Mud and torn branches festooned its bonnet, and long furrows across the greasy road showed the last-minute efforts the driver had made to right it.

"And what 'll the boys do, that 's what I want to know?" snarled Kerrigan for the fourth or fifth time. "Here we are, fifty miles from Deptford, and stuck in a god-damn spot like this. Why, they 'll be at the warehouse in three hours. Can you beat it? All set for the job of a lifetime, both caretakers fixed, two cars for the getaway—and you go and drive us into a perishing ditch. Taking an S-bend at fifty like that——"

"Ah, lay off it! I 'd have straightened her up as easy as kiss your hand if you hadn't turned windy and grabbed the wheel. Hell! And if the boys did wait, it 's daylight by four. Say, listen, Kerrigan. I 've thought of something; why don't we hold up a car and take that on? Why don't we do that? They 're bound to slow up for this bend, anyway. Say, we can do it. If we 've done it on the Great West Road, we can do it here. We 've got to get one, anyway. Come on, snap out of it! You get the torch and scatter some junk in the road. I 'll find a spanner."

"What 's the use? There 'll be no car along this road to-night—they 're only hayseeds, anyway, round here. Oh, well—O.K. Anything 's better than sitting here chewing the rag. Throw out the seat and the spare wheel and a couple of side-screens——"

Half an hour later, as both still shivered and cursed the cold drops that fell monotonously down their necks, Blair stiffened suddenly like a pointing hound. The faint glow of head-lamps showed in the sky towards Horsham, and a moment later the whine of a small car could be plainly heard.

Blair shifted his grip on the spanner.

"No rough stuff unless we 've got to," said Kerrigan warningly, "but if they ask for it—well, you know what to do. Stay under the hedge while I flag them."

He stepped full into the glare of the head-lights as the car came slowly round the bend, and then waved the torch up and down across his body.

"Help!" he shouted, playing the light on the wreckage in road and ditch. "Help! Accident!"

The car, a small two-seater, pulled up obediently a few feet away, and from the driving-seat a nondescript little man, in a great-coat, crushed soft hat, and horn-rimmed spectacles, peered out like a startled tortoise from its shell.

Kerrigan stepped forward and Blair stole up in the shadows on the near side, grinning to himself and fingering the spanner in his coat.

"What—what do you want?" quavered the little man. "An accident, you say? I 'm sure I hope it 's nothing serious. You see, I simply can't stop. I 've business, important business, that won't wait."

"Us too," said Kerrigan. "Most important business. Going as far as Guildford?"

"Guildford? No indeed. I—I 've no wish at all to go to Guildford. In fact, I 'm stopping quite a way this side of it. Please excuse me, gentlemen—I really am in a fearful hurry. But I 'll certainly tell the next garage. Or perhaps the police——"

"I shouldn't do that if I were you," said Kerrigan, with a peculiar smile. "Cheer up, sonny; you 're in luck's way, and I 'll tell you why. We 're going Guildford-way ourselves, so you 'll have company." He stepped closer, hunching his shoulders. "No objection, I suppose?"

"I 'm afraid——" stammered the driver, and then he caught Kerrigan's eye and stopped. "Very well, then, if you 'll get in. But I warn you, I 'm not going as far as Guildford——"

"Maybe you 're not," said Kerrigan, again with that peculiar smile. "Nice snug little car this is. Just what we wanted, eh, Tim? My friend 's always wanted to drive a car like this, so if you 've no objection—— That 's the boy. You sit between us and keep warm."

Sandwiched between his two large companions, silent and apprehensive and almost smothered in his great-coat, the little man stared ahead through his spectacles. Sometimes he wriggled frantically and sometimes he glanced at the granite profiles on either side of him; but he found little comfort there, for Blair was determined to have no more accidents, and Kerrigan planned last-minute touches to the warehouse raid.

Five miles from Guildford, Blair winked enquiringly at Kerrigan, who peered through the driving rain and nodded.

The car turned left for a short way up a lane—lonely, wet, narrow, and without a house in sight—and then stopped, with its engine still running, in the inky blackness beneath an oak.

The little man leaned forward to glance apprehensively from one to the other.

"Here 's where we say 'good-night' to you, big boy," said Kerrigan. "You see, we 've got a date at the Ritz with Greta Garbo, and I know you 'd hate us to keep a lady waiting. But we 'll be thinking of you, boy, and I 'll tell you why. Because we 're going in your car. . . . Well, we 'd best be on our way. Run along, little man——"

"But, gentlemen——" cried the prisoner; and, "What, and not milk him?" cried Blair. "And where 's the sense in not putting him out? Kerrigan, you 're nuts! How long do you think it 'll be before he 'phones up the busies at Guildford?"

"If he finds a 'phone within two miles of here he 'll be lucky. I know this part like the back of your hand—there 's nothing but cottages round here, and precious few of them. But that 's not too bad an idea of yours. We 'll milk him. Out with it, sonny—everything you 've got——"

"Gentlemen, gentlemen!" cried the little man again. "A joke 's a joke, and I hope I can take one as well as the next man. But I 've given you a lift, and you 're taking my car—leave me the rest. I 'm a poor man, gentlemen——"

"Well, you wouldn't call us millionaires. Sorry, sport, but we 've got to live. Time 's getting on, so hand over the doings. Sharp now! My friend here turns nasty if he 's kept waiting."

Blair grinned, stepped forward till he towered over the shrinking victim, and raised the spanner warningly.

"But it 's terribly hard on me, gentlemen. I 've a wife and four kiddies, and there 's the coal bill and the rent for last week as well. Why, twenty pounds——"

Too late he saw his mistake, and his jaw dropped, while Blair's eyes lit up greedily.

The little man appealed from face to face again, glanced at the spanner, and gave a sob. "If I 've got to, then——" he gulped, pulling out a shabby wallet and producing four crumpled five-pound notes. "I hope God will forgive you for this night's work," he added solemnly. "You don't know how much those notes meant to me——" Kerrigan pocketed the notes and patted him affectionately on the back. "I guess your skin means more," he said. "Now I think, if I were you, I 'd go while the going 's good."

"But where can I go at this time of night?"

"To hell, for all I care!" said Kerrigan. "Back her down, Tim. . . ."

. . . .

"And if that 's not the luck of the Irish," chuckled Blair, as they drove through the outskirts of Guildford. "Well, they say the devil looks after his own. Can you beat it? There we were, cursing our luck, and then this turns up. Twenty quid and a car, clean out of the blue. We 'll be over the river by twelve—what 's the time now?"

Kerrigan felt for his watch, and felt again. "That 's queer," he muttered. "Guess I must have dropped it in the smash-up. God! And my wallet 's gone too——"

Blair felt hastily in his own pocket, and his face changed.

"And you 're not the only one," he said slowly, staring at Kerrigan, and then both cried out together as the same thought struck them both: they were so busy thinking that, until it was too late, they failed to see the police-car drawn across the road.

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"Yes, we got the call about six from Brighton," said the police-sergeant later to his admiring colleagues in the station-house. "Smart work, that was. Funny thing, they only asked us to hold one man. But it 's the car all right—brown two-seater, XL 7132, split in right-hand front mudguard. But fancy the nerve of those two birds, driving along like a couple of dukes, as you might say, and walking right into us like that! And that 's not all—what d'you think we found on 'em? Four dud fivers as well. Lord love us, don't some blokes waltz into trouble?"

THE END.

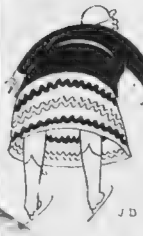
* *All the characters and incidents in this story are imaginary.*

THE LILY BRIDE.

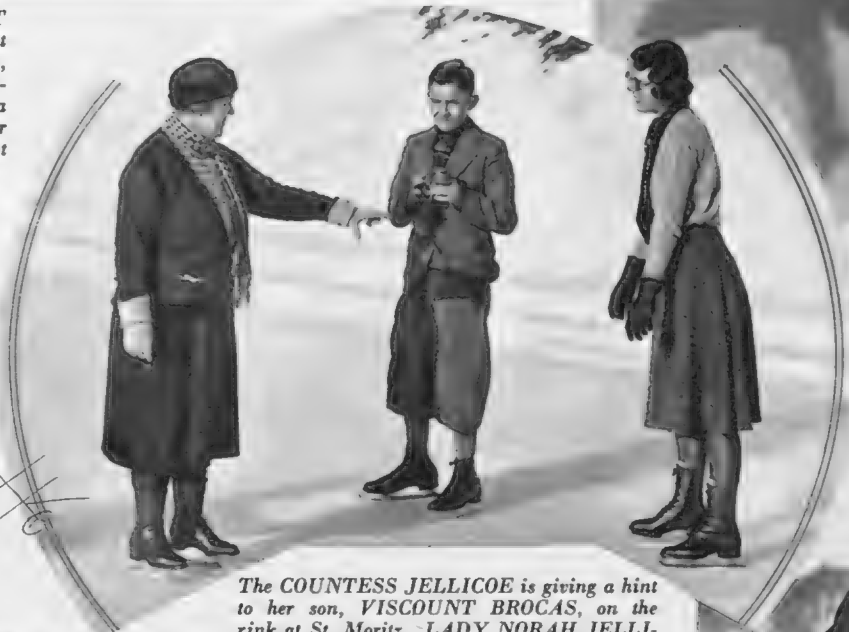
MRS. JOHN P. HALLETT (Miss Averil Streatfeild), elder daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Streatfeild, was a lily bride at her wedding to the only son of the late Colonel Prescott Hallett. Her dress was of cream marocain woven with a gold thread and trimmed with a necklace of hand-made golden lilies. Her golden halo head-dress held her tulle-and-lace veil in place, and she carried a single golden lily and a prayer-book. Her pet mastiff wore a white ribbon.

SKIS AND SKATES.

The HON. MRS. ROBERT H. BRAND is skating at St. Moritz, with her daughters, DINAH (right) and VIRGINIA (left). She is a sister of Viscountess Astor and the wife of Viscount Hampden's second brother.



MISS MEGAN TAYLOR'S fairy-like grace on the ice is well illustrated by snapshots taken in bright St. Moritz sunshine. She is doing what is known as a "fade-away."



The COUNTESS JELLICOE is giving a hint to her son, VISCOUNT BROCAS, on the rink at St. Moritz. LADY NORAH JELLICOE, her third daughter, is listening also.

MISS ANNE SPRECKLES and a friend are on skis, and are engaged in conversation with the EARL OF WARWICK (centre), MRS. JOHN MOFFATT, and MR. BILLY REARDON.

LADY SELSDON is taking skating lessons from PHIL TAYLOR, the famous expert, on the rink at St. Moritz. She is a daughter of the late Lieut.-Colonel Charles Brennan, of Mullingar, and married Lord Selsdon (formerly Sir William Mitchell-Thomson) in 1933.

A SOCIAL GATHERING — AT ST. MORITZ.

Social life in the snows at St. Moritz includes both outdoor and indoor events. This beautiful photograph gives some idea of one of the former. The occasion is a great ski-jumping contest to which visitors go by sleigh—witness the large number of these vehicles parked in the foreground. They are extremely comfortable, being, in most instances, furnished with voluminous fur rugs. Some of the spectators are accommodated in stands; others line the sides of the course.

WHAT EVERY WOMAN WANTS TO KNOW.

VISITS to the Exhibition of British Art at the Royal Academy will not only improve our knowledge of our own painters, but provide some nice hints for fancy dresses and novel parties. Personally, I mean to give up sherry and cocktails in favour of "Punch Evenings," such as George Knapton has illustrated for us in his portrait of Sir Bourchier Wray. He 's shown about to dispense the mixture with a silver punch-ladle from a lovely porcelain bowl. Sugar, lemon, and a napkin are scattered about on the polished table with 1934 *abandon*.

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In case you feel convinced I have spelled Sir Bourchier's name wrong, and that it ought to be "Wrey," like the present Baronet, whose niece Rachel married Lord Willoughby de Broke the other day, let me assure you that on the picture itself it 's written with an "a," though, of course, it must represent an ancestor of the living Sir Bourchier, who is the twelfth Baronet.

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I am also planning a musical afternoon on the Thames, just like that in the delicious Zoffany lent by Miss O. Lloyd Baker—but it 'll have to be a fine warm day to make it a real success. A harpsichord has been placed on the barge, and the guests include a 'cellist, a man who plays what looks like the big bassoon, and various other executants. In fact, every guest brought an instrument.

MISS RUTH BODY, eldest daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. K. M. Body, is engaged to MR. JACK N. S. MASTER, eldest son of Lady Vavasour and grandson of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Master, of Barrow Green Court, Oxted.

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A tour round the Royal Academy galleries will serve to convince you that there was nothing new in 1933 fashions. Captain Thomas Lee was painted without stockings in the sixteenth century; Master Crewe's parents had the Tudor craze in the eighteenth, otherwise they would hardly have made him sit to Reynolds in a Henry VIII. costume; and in Lely's family group, lent by Lord Lee of Fareham, one of the girls is obviously determined to sun-bathe, and equally obviously her parents have "stuffily" insisted on her wearing a wrap and sitting with her back to the artist.

MISS JOYCE GARDNER, the lady professional billiards champion, is engaged to MR. A. R. WILLIAMS, an amateur billiards player who learnt much of his game by watching her. She will defend her title on February 19.

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Landscapes at Burlington House with a modern news interest include William Marlow's picture of Castle Howard, the impressive-looking mansion whence the most discussed Holbein of Henry VIII. came. The canvas is lent by its owner, Mr. Geoffrey Howard, and the house looks large enough to contain many other unsuspected treasures, for surely he can never have had time for a thorough search!

The first débutantes are seen and heard before the first snowdrops or the earliest cuckoos of the year. Hunt balls encourage them. Miss Denise Yarde-Buller is one to be looked out for. She is the second of Lord Churston's quartet of sisters; is a beauty; and has inherited the musical gifts of her mother, Mrs. Theodore Wessel, as well as her Christian name of Denise. Music is now back in favour as a girlish attraction. Miss Penelope Dudley Ward is not the only musician-beauty. She, by the way, is interested in all the arts. The other day I succeeded in visiting the treasure-house which only officially welcomes visitors in the summer, the Sir John Soane Museum. After gazing at the famous Hogarths I was requested to sign the book, and observed that Miss Penelope Dudley Ward was also a recent visitor. Mr. Osbert Sitwell had been there, too.

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Some more Hendersons will be coming out this year. The supply of Lord Faringdon's granddaughters seems inexhaustible. Mrs. Alec Henderson has a really lovely daughter, Susan, who is to be presented this year, and Mrs. Arnold Henderson's second girl is now grown up, and well upholds the family standard of good looks. She should have a very good time, as her mother has lovely Lowndes House in which to entertain for her, and her married sister, Mrs. Forbes, also possesses a London home.

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A Berkshire beauty made her first appearance at the Reading Hospital Ball last week in the person of Miss Betty Cobham, sister of Mrs. Reginald Palmer, wife of the popular Joint-Master of the Garth. Miss Cobham is a genuine (as opposed to platinum) blonde, with natural curls, and huge blue eyes set wide apart under calm brows which recall those of an angel in a Florentine altar-piece. She was with her sister at the Boxing Day meet of the Garth, when

The engagement of MR. MICHAEL F. SOMERVILLE, son of Vice-Admiral and Mrs. Boyle Somerville, of Castletownshend, Co. Cork, to MISS BARBARA GREGG, younger daughter of the Archbishop of Dublin and Mrs. Gregg, has been announced. They were photographed at the Archbishop's Palace, Dublin. Mr. Michael Somerville is a nephew of Miss E. O. E. Somerville, the Irish author and artist, who was for many years Master of the West Carbery Hounds.

MISS MARJORIE JEAN BRIDGET HOLME-SUMNER, second daughter of Captain Berkeley Holme-Sumner, C.B.E., R.N., and Mrs. Holme-Sumner, of Old Graingers, Plaxtol, is engaged to Lieutenant Richard C. John Dreyer, R.N., eldest son of Admiral Sir Frederick Dreyer, K.C.B., C.B.E., Commander-in-Chief, China Station, and Lady Dreyer.

hounds, cars, and equestrians blocked the Market Place in Wokingham with a completeness which has to be seen to be believed.

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Edinburgh, my Scottish friends tell me, is "uncou" gay just now. The only people who do not agree are the "ordinary evening dress" men who went to the Highland Ball and found themselves poor black trash indeed among such a high percentage of hunt coats, uniforms, and kilts. Women without a clan tartan sash would suffer the same inferiority complex, I suppose, but perhaps there weren't any present.

One of the grandest reels was danced by a crowd of eighteen, which included Lady Elphinstone, the Master of Elphinstone, Miss Cameron of Lochiel, Lord Fincastle, Miss Dorothy Scott-Moncrieff, and Miss Sheila Sprot and her fiancé, Mr. Lindsay MacDougall the younger, of Lunga.

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Lady Stewart Clark adores entertaining on a large scale. She came with a party of twenty-eight from Dundas Castle! Miss Diana Lang of Cleithaugh may be awarded the bun for beauty, the young McKenzies from Dolphinton for height, and the débutantes Sheila and Jean Stewart for being the most un-alike twins ever seen, but both good-looking. One is dark, and the other fair.

Mr. Bobby Gascoigne, of the Black Watch, was one of the smart young soldiers who took the floor with unflagging energy. He is a grandson of Sir Hector Munro of Foulis. In the dim pre-war days, when his mother and her sisters were girls, I'm told that it was considered highly facetious to refer to Foulis Castle as the Chicken Run. Poor English bodies please note that Foulis is pronounced to rhyme with owls.

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People who go to Monte Carlo for the winter will, I fear, come back feeling rather superior in musical knowledge as well as in health compared to the stay-at-homes! The Monte Carlo crowd will have had the chance of hearing the new Strauss opera, "Arabella," which we are promised later on at Covent Garden; and also two other novelties which have never been given in England, a work based on Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice," with music by de Saussine, and another new opera, "Adrienne Lecouvreur," by Cilea. It looks as if those who like being "in the movement" can hardly avoid making a journey to the South this winter!

The marriage of MISS URSULA ROY BIRD, elder daughter of the late Mr. E. Roy Bird, M.P., and of Mrs. Roy Bird, to MR. CHARLES DIXON KIMBER, only son of Sir Henry Dixon Kimber, Bt., and Lady Kimber, of Hitcham Place, Burnham, Bucks, was solemnised recently at the Church of Our Lady of the Assumption.

MISS JASMINE VAN DE WEYER, youngest daughter of Major and the Hon. Mrs. Van de Weyer, is engaged to Mr. Francis Basil Banbury, elder son of Mr. R. E. Banbury, of Chilcotes, Baldock, and of the late Mrs. Banbury.

The theatrical events at Monte Carlo are not, however, all for the serious. "Sacha," a new musical comedy by Maurice Donnay, is to be given, and the French version of "White Horse Inn" is sure to have some supporters. *Of course*, all civilised people understand French, but some of them find it easier when they've heard the show in English first. It makes them feel more at home, somehow.

The marriage of MISS BARBARA HUTCHINSON to Mr. Victor Rothschild, son of the late Captain the Hon. Charles Rothschild, and nephew and heir-presumptive to Lord Rothschild, took place quietly, according to Jewish rites, at Tring Park, Herts. The bride is the daughter of Mr. St. John Hutchinson, the well-known barrister, who is Recorder of Hastings.

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Sir Basil Zaharoff is a Monte Carlo enthusiast. Not long ago he was reported as being seriously ill, but my spies tell me that he is looking extremely well at the moment, and as young an octogenarian as you can find. He always has the same suite at the Hôtel de Paris, but he takes his lunch every day in the well-known Empire Room Restaurant there; so those who like seeing millionaires about the place can enjoy themselves.

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Lady Susan Askew, until recently Lady Susan Egerton, has been enjoying her recent visit to London, and was seen about a tremendous amount during her time here. She is to make an early début as a hostess on a large scale, for she has promised to have the Berwickshire Hunt Ball at Ladykirk, her lovely home on the banks of the Tweed.

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The first months of the New Year are the premier exhibition season, for, in addition to the British Art show at Burlington House, we shall soon have the Marlborough and Queen Anne one at Chesterfield House for the Y.W.C.A.

Lord Fairfax, I hear, is lending the very interesting silver cup which Queen Anne presented to Captain Fairfax for the taking of Gibraltar. Lord Fairfax is more than half-American. His family connection with the States began as long ago as the 17th century. MARIEGOLD.

MR. JOHN MURRAY PRAIN, eldest son of Mr. James Prain, of Kincaple, Fife, is engaged to MISS HELEN SKENE, only daughter of Lieut.-Colonel "Crieff" Skene and Mrs. Skene, of Hallyards and Pitlour. This photograph of the newly-engaged pair was taken at Pitlour, near Strathmiglio, Fife. Miss Skene is a first cousin of Lady Patricia Latham.

GOSSIP FROM THE HUNTING WORLD.

Holiday Sport.

Lots of people had promised themselves a bit of horse-back riding on the Saturday, so it was generally popular to wake up that morning and find the fog had cleared off, leaving no cause or impediment why we should not go off and catch foxes. The question was, which of the rival attractions to patronise? The Cottesmore at Whissendine probably collected most for the till, for the congestion was acute. Unfortunately, the foxes refused to do the right thing, and a sharp fifteen minutes was literally all that could be counted, the rest of the day being one disappointment after another. Masses of small and medium fry were enjoying their first hunt since schools released them, and ponies of every calibre infested the country.

Meanwhile the Belvoir had quite a different tale to tell from their meet at Redmile. Starting at the Rectory, hounds ran a ring past Bottesford, through Muston Gorse, nearly up to Belvoir Castle, thinking, no doubt, that it would be a nice attention to bring their noble owner a Christmas fox. The line they ran was formidable and took some jumping. We are sorry to hear Major Beasley had a bad fall and was taken to hospital. After drawing Jericho blank, a fox from Elton went away with hounds close to his brush, so they raced over a nice bit of country till brought to their noses near Whatton, after which they hunted on into the South Notts domain to finish an admirable day.

The annual children's meet of the Duke of Buccleuch's was held at Kippilaw, St. Boswells, where there was a grand turn-out of young riders. The EARL OF DALKEITH is addressing the company in the lady park at Kippilaw.

A Bit Too Thick.

This foggy business is very deranging; you simply don't know where you are with it. On the Belvoir's Freeby day it was so thick that even going on to the meet seemed a farce. However, it lifted enough for hounds to draw and find at Newman's Gorse, but not for long; a game of hide-and-seek set in at Sproxton Thorns, and it was a very gallant effort trying to go on hunting at all. But it was worth while, and, in addition, the Hon. Sec. could go home with his booty and a clear conscience! The sun shone just long enough for the merits of Mrs. Toby Greenall's hunting cap to be noted, and for Major "Fruity" Metcalfe to find his old friends. His sister-in-law, Lady Ravensdale, was mounting him, her appendicitis having thoroughly upset her hunting plans. Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Smith-Bingham had come all the way from Warwickshire for this short sortie, and Air Vice-Marshal Longmore had also made special arrangements for an intensive week's hunting and bemoaned the day being blotted out.

The following Wednesday the three packs were out, a most uncommon thing, for this day is usually a Belvoir benefit; but the augmented "Christmas Service" found the Quorn at Upper Broughton, the Duke of Rutland's at Buckminster, and the Cottesmore at Barleythorpe. All did well, and the latter returned to their old form in two good hunts, one from Orton Park, and the other from Owston Little Wood.

A "Beaufortshire" Budget.

"Thank goodness!" said the Beaufortites fervently, when at last, after three weeks' inaction, the frost relaxed sufficiently to permit of hunting again. Well, a small party attended the by-day in Silk Wood, which was the "preliminary canter" to a resumption of hunting on the full scale on the Saturday before Christmas, at Badminton Station. Though a lot of people went away for the holiday, quite as many more had house-parties at home, so the balance was equalised, and the field certainly up to strength! A good party at Williamstrip on the preceding night had a certain sprinkling of our representatives, who felt none the fitter, in consequence, for coping with mad-fresh horses! When the procession to Alderton Grove "struck turf," up went every hoss's heels, as if at the word of command; and then they all did it *again* directly hounds went away, which they did almost at once! Master and George somehow got through the danger-zone undamaged, and the tense expressions of the anguished throng relaxed slightly. The going was not too good either, and the Castlecombe chestnut's example at the first fence was not 'xactly inspiring. However, hounds simply raced to the hills, and it was such tremendous fun that people forgot to think about it any more till they got there, when the banks were certainly a trifle hard!

A Christmas Contingent.

Lord Freddie Cambridge is at Badminton for Christmas and was out, both Saturday and Tuesday. Captain Eon Merry (they were at Lucknam for Christmas and over the New Year) had mounted his brother-in-law, Mr. Michael Crichton. Mr. Edward Greene was with the Brassey party. The Sheffields are hunting regularly; also the three Menzies—the Keiths, and Colonel Steuart of that ilk. Captain Grenville Grey, having a spot of leave, has been exercising the Colonel's horse from the Close. Mrs. Holland-Hibbert and her daughter, Diana, were out; Miss Bainbridge and Miss Goff from Upton Grove; and the Scott family is further reinforced by the brother in the 5th Inniskilling D.G.'s. Mr. John Pope represents Ashwicke. The Ernest Pitman family have reassembled at Dyrham Cottage in some force, with new Irish horses as a result of a trip to "the other side." Mr. John Pitman, who is in the 3rd Hussars, is mounting his fiancée, Miss Donaldson, who hopes to put in a month with the Beaufort "along now." Mr. Peter Pitman-Butler, the youngest of the family, is in the 7th Hussars, and assumed the name of an uncle who had selected him as his heir.

Boxing Day Diversion.

Tuesday was rather fog-ridden, but we were lucky to hunt at all; and the usual Bank Holiday mob at Dunkirk was as enormous as ever, quite undeterred by the scant visibility! The cars stretched for several miles, and the "bikes" were numbered by hundreds, if not thousands. They had a good show about Swangrove and Bullpark, and when, after two complete rounds *via* the Seven Miles, Verge, Great Park, etc., the fox was eventually marked to ground, there followed quite a good, though twisty, afternoon hunt from Withymore, in two fast rings round Lygrove. Rather an awkward place to lose a horse in, the Badminton Woods!

The COUNTESS OF DALKEITH came on foot to the Buccleuch Children's Meet at Kippilaw, St. Boswells, with her daughter, LADY CAROLINE SCOTT.

The DUCHESS OF BUCCLEUCH (r.) brought her eldest daughter, LADY MARGARET HAWKINS (l.), and JAMES, ALICE, and RENIRA HAWKINS, to the Children's Meet at Kippilaw.

FIFE, PERCY, AND BUCCLEUCH MEETS.

(Right) The MARCHIONESS OF TITCHFIELD and her débutante daughter, LADY ANNE CAVENDISH-BENTINCK, were at Alnwick Castle for the Percy Hunt Ball. They were snapped at the meet on the following day. Lady Titchfield is the Duke of Portland's daughter-in-law and a cousin of the Duchess of Northumberland.

GENERAL SIR WALTER MAXWELL-SCOTT, of Abbotsford, great-great-grandson of Sir Walter Scott, the novelist, brought his daughters, PATRICIA and MARY MAXWELL-SCOTT, to the Buccleuch Children's Meet.

(Right) The Fife Foxhounds met recently at Montrave, the residence of Sir John Gilmour, the Home Secretary. MAJOR SIR ROBERT SPENCER-NAIRN, Joint-Master, is seen with LADY GILMOUR and MISS DAPHNE GILMOUR.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

ROSE (here seen with partner STRADLER)—FOR REMAINING GRACEFUL WHEN TOPSY-TURVY.

THESE BATHERS AT CATALINA ISLAND, CAL. FOR HELMETING THEMSELVES TO SURF-WALK BELOW WATER.

MISS RUTH STUART—FOR WINNING TWO COMPETITIONS FOR AMATEUR CINEMATOGRAPHY WITH ONE FILM.

"GRACE," says my dictionary, "is attractiveness, charm, especially that of elegant proportions or of easy and refined motion. . . ." Just so. Now take a look at STRADLER and ROSE, the American cabaret dancers who have been enlivening dinner-time for guests at the International Sporting Club, Monte Carlo. Has Rose "elegant proportions"? Yes. Has her present position been reached by "easy and refined motion"? That's not such an easy one, *but* the result is GRACE.

SHORTS, the clinging one-piece, or the rather bare two-piece bathing suits have increased the decorative value of some of the common objects of the sea-shore—but not of all! On this page is a suggestion for the beauty-lover. All over-age or overweight bathers must take up the sport—of exploring the bed of the sea by means of a helmet head-dress and air-providing apparatus.

SOME OF "LES GIRLS"—FOR NOT BEING IN THE LEAST AFRAID OF THE BIG, BAD WOLF.

MISS RUTH STUART'S flight to Egypt has no Biblical significance, but resulted in a winning film, which she called "Egypt and Back." It took the Gold Medal of the American Society of Cinematographers in an open competition, and then won the premier award of our Institute of Amateur Cinematographers for her as well.

EVERYONE remembers "*THE SKETCH*" and STUDDY DOG, BONZO; but, just in case of accidents, Mother Earth has made an effort to help him to more publicity! The Bonzo potato was dug up on the farm of a Mr. Drury, at the village of Orby-in-the-Marsh, a few miles from Skegness (which is *so* bracing). It has not been "retouched" in any way.

MR. and MRS. JOHN CARVETH WELLS are making an effort to give new meaning to "the bicycle made for two"—destined for Daisy by the beau who couldn't afford a carriage. They do not say that this is their reason for going in search of the Queen of Sheba's treasures in Abyssinia on a tandem—but if they reach their objective safely they will, no doubt, be able to take their choice as to vehicle.

TO MOTHER EARTH—FOR GIVING THE WORLD THE PERFECT POTATO BONZO.

MR. AND MRS. JOHN CARVETH WELLS—FOR RIDING ON A BICYCLE MADE FOR TWO TO SEEK THE QUEEN OF SHEBA'S TREASURES.

THE COLLECTOR TAKES GRAN'POP'S FIRST INSTALMENT.

Gran'pop, like all of us, finds the New Year marred by Income Tax demands

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD. (COPYRIGHT RESERVED IN THE U.S.A. BY THE ARTIST.)

JOAN CRAWFORD.

The famous M. G. M. screen star with huge eyes and auburn hair. Her latest picture is "Dancing Lady," which has just been seen at the Empire. In this she plays the part of a young actress who is determined to get on.

GRETA GARB

Her celebrated blue eyes cannot be seen in this c eyelashes being lowered! The Garbo is busy on her accomplishments include lawn tennis. She is one

N.B.—THE SIXTH OF THE NEW "SKETCH" SERIES OF SIL

CARICATURES BY HAWORTH.

O.

ricature, owing to their curtains of "Queen Christina" film. Her minor of the best players in Hollywood.

MAURICE CHEVALIER.

His smile and his "Boater" straw hat exert an irresistible appeal in both Latin and Nordic countries. He is now in America, and is due back in England shortly to begin work on the annual picture he has arranged to do for London Films.

ER PRINTS INSERTED HERE: MISS CONSTANCE BENNETT.

People who give those "bring-your-own-bottle" parties

are usually left with enough to drink for weeks to come;

so somebody is bound to launch a "food-party" craze—

or even throw a "furniture-party."

HOSPITALITY IN 1934?

DRAWN BY GHILCHIK.

A CURIOSITY OF ELIZABETHAN PORTRAITURE.

The portrait of SIR JOHN LUTTRELL by HANS EWORTH, lent by Mr. A. F. Luttrell, is one of the curiosities of the Exhibition of British Art at Burlington House. It obviously commemorates a disaster at sea; for the subject is depicted swimming in stormy water—and wearing bracelets and a scarf bound to one arm. The sinking ship, two boat-loads of people, and the head of a drowned woman may be seen. Captain Luttrell's gallantry is being rewarded by a symbolic figure. Eworth, a Flemish painter, was in England from 1545 until 1573.

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THE BERGNER RUNS THROUGH GEMMA'S MOODS IN

MISS ELISABETH BERGNER'S performance as Gemma Jones in "ESCAPE ME NEVER," the Margaret Kennedy play at the Apollo, has roused tremendous enthusiasm. Here Gemma, after fierce words with the unfaithful and selfish Sebastian, has to admit that she will not leave him.

THE BERGNER is a poor, hungry waif when she makes her first appearance in the Salon of the Palazzo Neroni, Venice—but infinitely appealing.

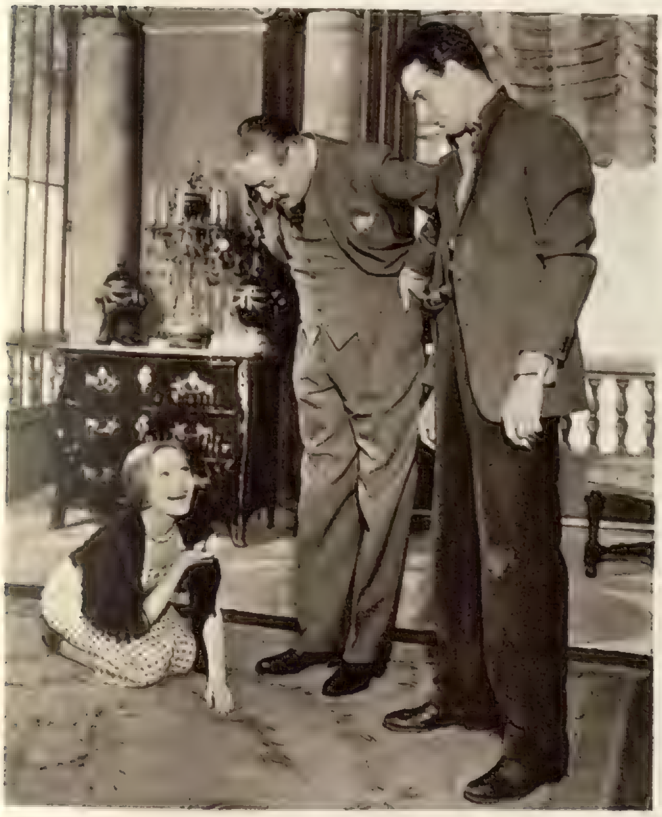
The whole art of playing one man against another is as simple as A.B.C. to Gemma. She is with Sebastian (HUGH SINCLAIR).

(Left)
Gemma's masquerade as a schoolgirl is highly successful. She plays the hoyden to perfection, in order to get a bite of food.

THE EMOTIONAL GAMUT: "ESCAPE ME NEVER."

Pathos is one of the many emotional stops which ELISABETH BERGNER can pull.

The merry gamine in shorts can be sentimental too! Gemma has just succeeded in reuniting the lovers, Caryl and Fenella.



Sparkling gaiety can radiate from THE BERGNER when she chooses. She has borrowed a coin from Heinrich (W. CRONIN WILSON) to toss whether she goes with Sebastian (HUGH SINCLAIR) or stays in Venice. Which way has it fallen?

(Right)
Exquisite tenderness is expressed in every line of ELISABETH BERGNER'S pose in this scene, when Gemma Jones is nursing her sick baby.

CRITICISMS IN CAMEO.

THE STAGE.

By J. T. GREIN.

It is an exquisite little comedy this, "THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME," by Mr. H. M. Harwood, with which Miss Marie Tempest made her *rentrée triomphale* at the Queen's. Not for a long time has she had such a perfect medium to display all her great, nay, her immense, gifts. There are humour, humanity, passion, memories of great exaltation, and a hidden glide from the "moral standard" in this character of the comfortably married, middle-aged, still desirable woman who, in her earlier years, committed a marital lapse and now uses its aftermath as a healing tonic to her daughter-in-law, romantic and tired of home humdrum, and her own daughter, gallivanting in the rotten society of bright young people. There is also a plea in defence of connubial aberrations and generally of modern license as applied to the *jeune fille* of yore. That part is debatable and, in my opinion, too drastic in language and situations. Even the wildest girls would not play with their honour and repute as did young Lisa, capitally acted by Miss Margaret Rawlings. But in the maternal advice of "never tell" to her daughter-in-law there is a great deal of wisdom dispensed by the author. Unfortunately, I have no room this week to expatiate on all the qualities of the play and the acting. It is Mr. Harwood at his frankest; it is Miss Marie Tempest at her zenith; it is Mr. W. Graham Browne, as her delightful, easy-going husband, at his tenderest; it is all the others, especially Mr. Frank Allenby and Miss Nora Swinburne, at their best.

Proud man, Mr. Bertram Mills, an entertainer of a thousand gentlefolk at a Lucullian meal, and provider of a stupendous CIRCUS programme at Olympia, twenty-five numbers without a flaw. Every year we say it was the grandest show on record, and every year we have to repeat it with more emphasis—especially this year, because the triumph of the show belongs to British skill and ingenuity. Oh! the foreign turns were wonderful and amazing—these pigeons of Diana as graceful as ballet-dancers; these lions of Mlle. d'Argens; these tigers of the sheikh-like Trubka; these vertiginous *salto mortales* of Cubanos, the Flying Dutchman; these golden pictures all too luridly illuminated by a fierce electric sun; these acrobats, riders, jugglers, skaters, all—all of them—were unique, as it were an international gallery of choreographic and hippic art; only the clowns, fighting against space, were not as effective as of old. But, when all is said, the joy and glory of the afternoon was Mr. Bertram Mills's own bodyguard of stallions and ponies, three dozen or so of them, presented by a master of his craft and obeying a mere signal of a finger in magical obedience—the superlative of the *haute école* and a case for national pride. Whereas Captain Wesley's sea lions, playing sporting games as well as the quaintest duet of the national anthem ever heard with their muzzles, elicited such enthusiasm that the vast hall of Olympia was swamped by a tidal wave of ecstatic vociferation.

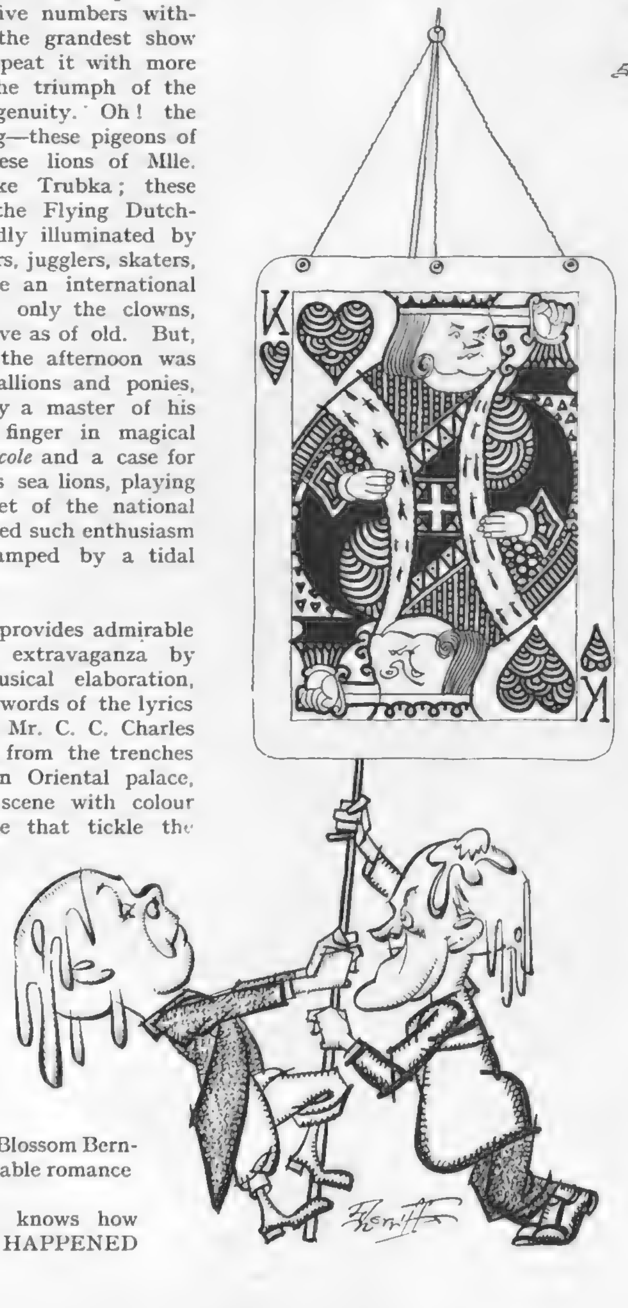
"ALF'S BUTTON," at the Kingsway, provides admirable Christmas entertainment. The amusing extravaganza by Mr. W. A. Darlington lends itself to musical elaboration, and the tunes have a pretty lilt, while the words of the lyrics fit happily into the story. The Djinn of Mr. C. C. Charles wafts us at the touch of the magic button from the trenches to Denmore Manor, all decked out like an Oriental palace, where slaves of the harem decorate the scene with colour and dance, and where complications arise that tickle the audience into hearty laughter. But I liked the opening scene behind the lines best, where Private Higgins and his chum, Private Bill Grant, dream of days on leave. This was riotously funny, and Mr. Billy Tasker as the helpless little Alf, and Mr. Jack Morrison as Bill, shoulder the burden of the laughter-making. If they were not quite so successful later it was because opportunities were fewer. Miss Lorna Hubbard, who dances delightfully, won all hearts as Liz; while Miss Blossom Berncastle and Mr. Dudley Rolph spun the inevitable romance

Mr. Sydney Carroll has the *flair*. He knows how to find people and plays, and "WHAT HAPPENED TO GEORGE," at Wyndham's, is a plum in the theatrical pudding. With great skill, Miss Vera Beringer has distilled a charming fantasy from Mr. G. F. Bradby's book. Even in ordinary times, this weird and gruesome experience of little George in his trusteeship of his father's precious ruby would rank among the crook-plays. It is full of life, full of humour, full of vivid pictorial illustration. I loved the train where the gentleman bandit tried his *coup*, and the fanciful castle by the lake. And what a find is the little boy, Desmond Tester, so cool, so calm, so sure of *savoir-faire*! Actors seem to be born in precocious adolescence these days. He was the hero of the situation and no mistake. But his fellow-players were excellent too—Mr. Arthur Wontner as a wolfish butler in sheep's clothing; Miss Esmé Beringer as his fiendish wife; Mr. Robert Atkins as the strolling vagabond full of *bonhomie*; Mr. Gyles Isham as the father; Mr. George Carr as the faithful Mohammedan servant; Miss Diana Wong as the sweet little gipsy; and particularly Miss Betty Jardine as Annie, the knowing "slavey"—and many others—they revelled in the drolleries and excitements of the play. A ripping afternoon, and high jinks for young and old.

With a quintette of excellent "comics," effective staging, and Euphan MacLaren's Grand Fairy Ballet as a spectacular highlight, "QUEEN OF HEARTS," at the Lyceum Theatre, should settle down into a popular pantomime. The brothers Melville know their business too well to leave uncorrected certain dull patches that blunted the edge of the seasonable fooling at the dress rehearsal to which the Press was invited. On this occasion Molly Vyvyan stepped gallantly into the shoes of Muriel Angelus, who suffered from a sore throat, and right bravely she won the Yellow Dwarf, played by Fred D. Davies with a genuine touch of drama. But this is essentially a comedian's pantomime, and, above all, George Jackley's. His queer facial contortions, his clowning, and his genial grin soon got him into intimate touch with the audience. Those agile drolls, Naughton and Gold, Dick Henderson, a cosy King, and Dick Tubb, a ridiculously elegant Queen, romp their way through the Land of Hearts with great gusto.

"THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME," AT THE 'UNS! Sherriffs has silhouetted some of the characters left to right) Professor Charles Kingdom (W. GRAHAM TEMPEST), two elderly and wise parents who sitting-room while Lisa Kingdom (MARGARET (RONALD WARD), two young and foolish "bachelors,"

"BEAU BRUMMELL"—what a subject, and what a part for our romantic hero, Mr. Harry Welchman! I wish the librettist of the new play at the Saville had been a little more inspired and the composer a little more profuse with his music. Now we have a sterile first Act, mainly purporting to indicate how the Beau fell into disgrace with George IV. when Prince of Wales, but hardly portraying the commanding figure of the world's dandiest dandy. However, Mr. Welchman valiantly seizes his opportunities, and whenever he breaks into song, charm spreads over the house. His acting chances, too, improve in the later scenes.



"THE QUEEN OF HEARTS," AT THE LYCEUM. (CHARLES NAUGHTON; left) and Jimmy Blue Sleuth-hounds, allegorically supporting His Puissant in the course of their duties, enthusiastically plastered other elegant preparations that happened to be around. (MURIEL ANGELUS; left), the soulful beggar-boy, doing as much for Her Even More Puissant Majesty and all ends in a riot

CRITICISMS IN CAMEO.

THE CINEMA.

By MICHAEL ORME.

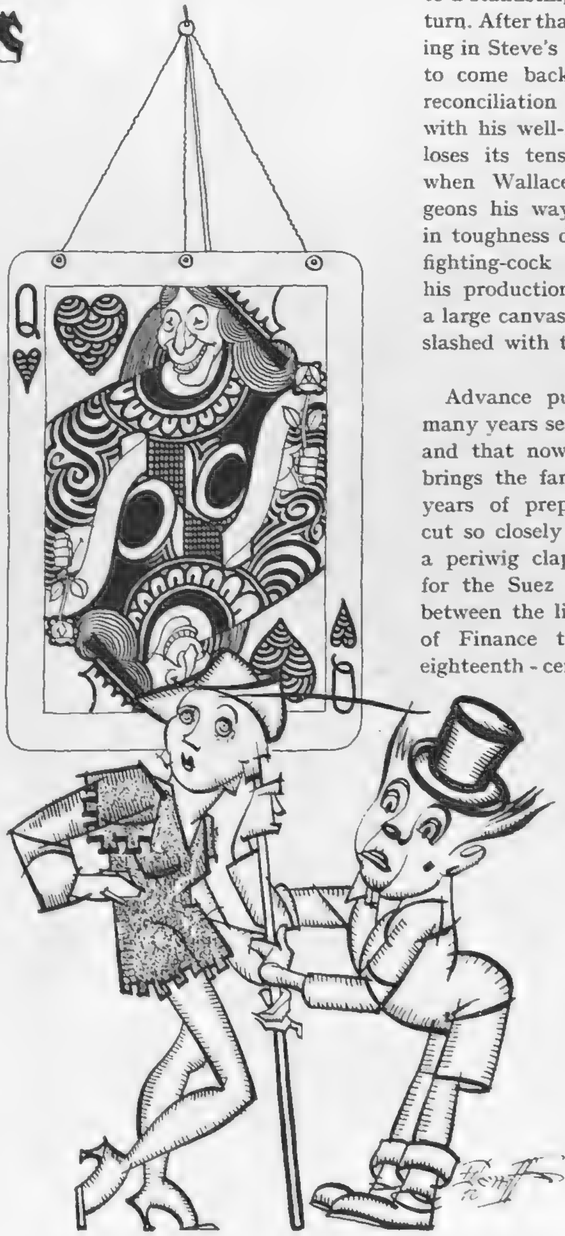
If the youngsters have been well catered for by the cinemas this year, their elders have no cause for grumbles. Their holiday humour can find satisfaction in plenty. "LADY FOR A DAY" (Coliseum) tops the list of the Christmas entertainments. A fantasy if you will—or, as its sponsors put it, a "grown-up fairy-tale"—this genial, incredible Cinderella story is couched in modern terms; its dialogue is witty and terse; and it has been brilliantly directed by Frank Capra. It tells the tale of an old apple-seller, whose earnings have gone to keep a beloved daughter at a fashionable school in ignorance of her mother's humble trade. The girl's return with an aristocratic fiancé and prospective father-in-law *en suite* would have exposed Apple Annie's elaborate bluff, were it not for Dave the Dude, who commandeers his bewildered gang, and launches Annie on a brief and glorious career as a wealthy society leader. The difficulties and anxieties resulting from this big-hearted gesture touch the whole emotional scale, from the ridiculous to the pathetic, and the situations cap each other with terrific speed. May Robson's fine study of Apple Annie is matched by Warren William's flamboyant, resourceful Dude, whose laconic henchman is incisively played by Ned Sparks; whilst Guy Kibbee, deputising as Apple Annie's "husband," adds a richly comic cameo of a smooth-spoken denizen of the underworld to an *ensemble* marshalled into perfect unison by Frank Capra.

...QUEEN'S THEATRE — and the young ... in Harwood's latest comedy. They are (from ... BROWNE) and his lady wife, Jane (MARIE ... spend an exciting evening at home in the ... RAWLINGS) and her boy-friend, Steven Rains ... are having a dull time in the spare bed-room!

The Capitol's riotously funny contribution to Yuletide gaiety, "TURKEY TIME," reveals the "old firm," Tom Walls, Ralph Lynn, Ben Travers and Co., at the top of their form. The picture is packed with laughter, a splendid substitute for those after-Christmas-dinner walks to give your lungs an airing!

Tom Walls and Ralph Lynn help each other in and out of ticklish situations according to custom, but with greater good humour than ever. They seem to have grown back a few years to the delightful age of a couple of lads out for a good time, with mischief in their eyes, and a zestful appetite for any acrobatics and knockabout business that come their way during their knight-errantry. The pretty Pierrette stranded at a seaside town who arouses their chivalry finds a charming exponent in Dorothy Hyson. The eternally hen-pecked Robertson Hare pops in and out, preparing the fun in his loyal and inimitable way, and Mary Brough contributes her umpteenth "portrait of a landlady." The picture has much more pace than its predecessors, and its fun is nicely timed.

If you are in a mood for the glitter and artificial glory of stage spectacle, you will get your money's worth at the Empire, where "DANCING LADY" provides Joan Crawford with a chance to reveal her talents as a dancer and her capacity for wearing sensational dress or undress sensationally. The story makes no attempt to break away from the familiar legend of the girl who emerges from the chorus and saves a big show, with a wealthy friend and a devoted producer thrown in as make-weight. Just a pedestal built up of odd bits and pieces of the back-stage theme, to support the glamorous, exciting personality of Joan Crawford and the big show-pieces which frankly disregard the limitations of any stage. Clark Gable as the harassed producer, Franchot Tone as the rich young man, lovely girls *en masse*, Fred Astaire to foot it gracefully with Miss Crawford, some good comedy work, and all sorts of technical tricks, are pressed into the service of a deliberately dazzling production.



...ur left-hand drawing shows Charlie Stripe (JAMES GOLD; right) the King's Royal Police ... Majesty (DICK HENDERSON). They have, ... heir bodies with eggs and whitewash, and any ... n the right-hand illustration, Valentine ... nd Jack (GEORGE JACKLEY) are seen ... DICK TUBB). The stolen tarts are recovered ... f care-free merriment.

A new company—Twentieth-Century Pictures—is responsible for a robust and, in the main, very entertaining picture at the New Gallery, "THE BOWERY." This story of the rivalry between two kings of the underworld, Chuck Connor and Steve Brodie, carries the Bowery back to the be-bustled and bowler-hatted 'nineties. In New York's Limehouse, the proverbial naughtiness of that gay decade becomes decidedly tough. The ding-dong supremacy of Chuck and Steve depends upon the fists and the wits of the two gang-leaders, whose deeds of prowess bring them, turn and turn about, to the top. A battle royal between their respective volunteer Fire Brigades, which leave a Chinese laundry to burn merrily to the ground the while the brigades fight each other to a standstill, is vigorously funny—a sort of wholesale knockabout turn. After that, the interest flares up rather spasmodically, culminating in Steve's leap from Brooklyn Bridge in a successful endeavour to come back into the Bowery limelight. There remains the reconciliation of the rivals, brought about by Jackie Cooper, with his well-known touch of boyish pathos. But the picture loses its tension when sentiment steps in, and is at its best when Wallace Beery, big, bullying, soft-hearted withal, bludgeons his way through the Bowery, and George Raft, his equal in toughness despite his dandyism, takes up the challenge like the fighting-cock he is. The director, Raoul Walsh, has planned his production on a big scale, splashing his colours broadly on to a large canvas, and achieving an atmosphere of hearty rowdyness slashed with the racy humour of the Bowery folk.

Advance publicity informs me that George Arliss has spent many years searching for a satisfactory play on the life of Voltaire, and that now, "after twenty years of gradual preparation," he brings the famous French writer to life on the screen. Twenty years of preparation have, however, resulted in a melodrama cut so closely to the Arliss pattern as to suggest a Disraeli with a periwig clapped on his head, and the Calas Case substituted for the Suez Canal. "VOLTAIRE" (Regal) is a duel of wits between the literary firebrand and the Count de Sarnac, Minister of Finance to Louis XV, fought against a background of eighteenth-century magnificence. Its action develops somewhat slowly, with pauses for pictorial effects, and springs no great surprises, until Voltaire, borrowing a leaf from Shakespeare, stages a play at Versailles wherewith "to catch the conscience of the King." That is a surprise indeed! However, history must bow down to the stars, and, after all, Voltaire did espouse the cause of the unhappy Calas. Mr. Arliss, crafty, insinuating, lovable, whipping up the heavy dialogue with his dry wit, makes a vivid figure of the frail old man of letters. The rest of the company—Reginald Owen, a royal fool, which Louis XV was not; Doris Kenyon, a statuesque American Pompadour; and Alan Mowbray, Voltaire's unsubtle antagonist—suit their portrayals to their material. They are forthright, melodramatic, and on the surface. Margaret Lindsay, as Calas's plaintive daughter, gets much nearer to life in a small part.

Our lists of PLAYS AND FILMS YOU MUST SEE, and of those well worth seeing, will be found on page IV.

CHRISTMAS STAGE FUN —

"BEAU BRUMMELL," at the Saville. In this scene Isobel (DIANA GOULD) is with Beau Brummell (HARRY WELCHMAN) after his fall from Court favour.

"WHAT HAPPENED TO GEORGE," at Wyndham's. This swishing scene shows Carnduff (JOHN HOBBS), the Schoolmaster, Mr. Prance (VALENTINE ROOKE), and George (DESMOND TESTER).

"ALADDIN," at the Chiswick Empire. This group from the excellent cast consists of (in front) the Widow Twankey (GEORGE HIRSTE), the Princess (JEAN ADRIENNE), Aladdin (VERA LENNOX), Sammie Sam (George Doonan) ; (in the centre) Abanazar (DONALD STUART), between GILBERT and FRENCH.

"WHAT HAPPENED TO GEORGE," at Wyndham's. George, the hero (DESMOND TESTER), is made prisoner in a cellar. Here he is with Fatty Bill (ROBERT ATKINS) and Carnduff (JOHN HOBBS).

"ALICE AND THOMAS AND JANE," the children's "thriller" at the Westminster, is based by Vera Beringer on the book by Enid Bagnold (Lady Jones). Sybil Jeffery, Nigel Stock, and Elaine Smorthwaite play the name-parts. This is the arrival at Dieppe.

FOR YOUNGSTERS OF ALL AGES.

"ALADDIN," at the Embassy. The Slave of the Lamp (JOAN LUXTON), the Grand Vizier's son (JOHN GATRELL), and the Princess (ANN CASSON) are seen from left to right.

"HANSEL AND GRETEL," at the Cambridge. MISS VICTORIA HOPPER, who played in "Martine" and is the Tessa for the talkie of "The Constant Nymph," has scored a tremendous hit as Gretel. She is with Hansel (LESLIE FRENCH) and the Witch (CONSTANCE WILLIS).

JUNE takes the name-part in "CINDERELLA," the pantomime at the Palace, Manchester.

"THE QUEEN OF HEARTS," at the Lyceum, is pantomime produced with all the spectacular splendour associated with Christmas shows.

"THE QUEEN OF HEARTS," at the Lyceum, has one most unusual scene in which the whole set is made of playing cards. As is customary at that famous theatre, the pantomime is on traditional lines and is as funny as it is bright and popular. George Jackley is the Knave.

The Edwardian revival has resulted in a renewal of interest in the famous "naughty 'nineties" dance, the "CAN-CAN." Members of the company of Le Bal Tabarin in Paris—all in the early twenties—have just started a wonderful Can-Can act at the Savoy. They are directed by M. Pierre Sandrini, the French Can-Can expert. The training for the dance is very arduous, and requires acrobatic suppleness and skill. MLLE. ANDRÉE RAPO (second from the right) is the première danseuse.

THE CAN - CAN GIVES A KICK TO '34.

This photograph of a CAN-CAN DANCER gives some idea of the difficulty of the dance! Readers of "Ouida" will remember that "Under Two Flags" contains a fine "purple patch" describing Cigarette dancing the Can-Can, and ending with the words, "Flashing, fluttering, circling, whirling, glancing like a sabre's gleam, tossing like a flower's head, bounding like an antelope, darting like a falcon, skimming like a swallow, then for an instant resting as indolently, as languidly, as voluptuously, as a water-lily rests on the water's breast—Cigarette en Bacchante no man could resist."

TAMARA DESNI ON HER HOME SET.

MISS TAMARA DESNI is the nineteen-year-old Russian film actress who made her first stage appearances as a dancer, and was seen in "White Horse Inn" and "Tales of Hoffman," in Berlin. She came to London to play in "Casanova," and was suggested as heroine for "Falling for You," the Jack Hulbert—Cicely Courtneidge film, in which she proved a great success. She is now playing in the new Gaumont-British Jack Hulbert comedy, "Jack Ahoy!", which is being made at Shepherd's Bush. On this page, however, she is shown on her own home set—a charming flat, where she spends her spare time playing her ukulele, doing her petit point, or petting her prize Pekes.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

THE ironist and the cynic would have found much cause for amusement if "Lewis Carroll," who has contributed, perhaps, as much as any single writer in the world to the amusement of children, had been, in private life, a child-hater. As we know, he was not. He did, however, profess to dislike little boys, and this prejudice is reflected in the new selection from his "Letters to his Child-Friends." Only one of the hundred-and-seventy is addressed, or (as he would have said) "directed," to a representative of the sterner sex, and he is a man of mature years. Moreover, Lewis Carroll's object in writing to Coventry Patmore was to persuade him to make a party for the play in which was appearing

> my child-friend Irene Barnes (she 's about eighteen, I think). . . .

if rather obvious, advice: *e.g.*, "Don't fill *more* than a page and a half with apologies for not having written sooner!" Oddly enough, he seems to take it for granted that much of one's correspondence will be of an acrimonious nature—

> If your friend makes a severe remark, either leave it unnoticed, or make your reply distinctly *less* severe. . . . *Don't try to have the last word.* . . . And if you write, jestingly, in *dispraise* of your friend, be sure to exaggerate enough to make the jesting obvious. If you are reminding him that he owes you a pound, don't say "I mention it, as you seem to have a conveniently bad memory for debts," for that might give offence. But if you write "Long observation of your career, as a pickpocket and a burglar, has convinced me that my one lingering hope, for recovering that sovereign I lent you, is to say 'Pay up or I'll summons yer!'" he would indeed be a matter-of-fact friend if he took *that* as seriously meant!

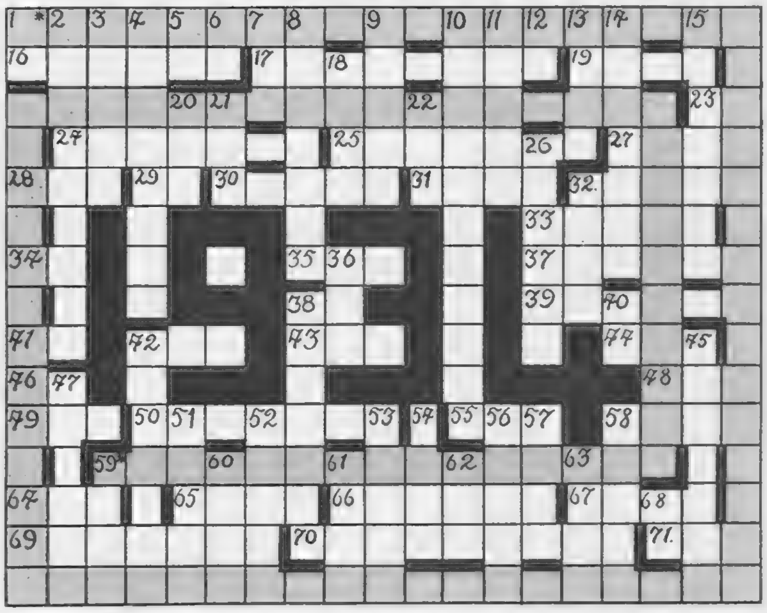
The question is, would he take it seriously enough to return the sovereign? I doubt it.

There is nothing in these letters that quite compares with the best things in "Alice," and sometimes the humour is strained and degenerates into facetiousness. But, since nearly all the letters are in the nature of jokes (the most difficult way, I think, of awakening a child's interest or affection), it is surprising how often they hit the happy mean between playfulness and seriousness. As a rule, children dislike not being taken seriously. It offends their dignity. The surest way to receive a rebuff is to talk to them with one's tongue in one's cheek. But Lewis Carroll knew how to do it: he flattered their nascent sense of humour, he tickled their nursling imaginations. And, though his manner is essentially that of a grown-up person addressing children, it carries with it no offence. They knew he was laughing at them, but they did not mind—indeed, they must have been enchanted; for I never read letters in which the pleasure of the recipient is so present (albeit unself-consciously) in the writer's mind.

OUR CROSS-WORD PUZZLE.

A NEW YEAR PUZZLE.

1. The ribbon (indicated by the shaded spaces) rounds nearly twice round the puzzle rectangularly from the first asterisk to the second. It contains a verse by Tennyson relating to the New Year.



ACROSS.

16. Smear. | 17. Opposite, for instance, in a nation. | 19. Want. | 23. Half an American state. | 24. A flower composed of mixed toes and ear (hyphen).
25. Meteors that seem to be an age in covers. | 27. Govern.—28. Little sister.
29. Take notice.
30. This game is one *you* never play, but it has its points.
31. Famous Italian actress.
32. The winter weather has (two words).
33. The winning side's usual award.
34. Often before hon.
35. A soldier who is a centre of concord
37. West Indian tree. | 38. Degree.
39. If in it, it 's behindhand.
41. Often appended to foot-notes.
42. Hampshire cricketers are well acquainted with this over.
43. Proverbially easy. | 44. Almost daft.
46. Personal pronoun. | 48. Near the dawn.
49. In the ascendant.
50. What relation do these bear to musical shakes?
55. A dark woman results when a brute has swallowed this.
58. Backward gals.
64. In this game you get more than half tight.
65. Shakespeare villain.
66. A certain nymph.
67. I 'm a girl when I get in 49 Across.
69. Great cricketer.
70. States ire (anagram).
71. Helps to achieve a palpable height.

DOWN.

1. Diploma. | 2. Set going.
3. Roman dates.
4. An amazing posture under a boat seems extremely large.
5. Preposition. | 6. A note.
7. Might give you a rise (initials).
8. Hearten (anagram).
9. Once famous American prima donna.
10. Two royal beasts.
11. Girl's name. 12. Service.
13. Welcome by the wayside.
14. After decapitation, the dark lady discovers a way out.
15. Adore.
18. Such decoration doesn't sound innocent.
20. Initials of a London regiment.
21. An acrobatic stag. | 22. Deity.
26. Part of India. | 32. Fly high.
36. Vehicle.
38. Well-known Victorian economist and writer.
40. Same as No. 1 down.
42. What my design is not (two words).
45. Rubbishy. | 47. Flag rank?
51. A Dickens character.
52. Colloquial eatables.
53. A nasty expression. | 54. Girl's name.
56. Where Ireland predominates in tennis.
57. Neck and neck: that 's what they are for!
58. The meaning accompaniment of sound.
59. The food for poachers (?).
60. Discretion. | 61. Spanish bull.
62. Obtained. | 63. Cotton on to it!
68. Quite all right the other way.

No. 1 Across is—
Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow,
The year is going, let him go
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

A VALUABLE PRIZE FOR THE SOLUTION OF OUR CROSS-WORD PUZZLES.

Owing to the great popularity of our weekly Cross-word Puzzles, we have decided to give a prize of £2 in connection with each, until further notice. To the sender of the first correct solution of this puzzle which is opened on Wednesday morning next, January 10, we shall give a prize of £2.

RULES: A "Sketch" Cross-word Puzzle Coupon (published at the top left-hand corner of page IV) must accompany every solution; with the name and address of the sender clearly filled in. Envelopes must be marked: "Sketch" Cross-word. The Editor's decision is final in all cases, and it is understood that all entrants accept this rule. Owing to official regulations, readers in Scotland and in the United States of America cannot enter for this award.

Irene Barnes became well known to the world as Irene Vanbrugh. Few of Lewis Carroll's youthful correspondents attained so much fame, but, thanks to their friendship with Mr. Dodgson (as he usually signs himself), they are all certain of immortality. The letters are informal and delightful, full of puzzles, anagrams, riddles, and playful teasing. He writes to Edith Jebb—

> MY POOR DEAR PUZZLED CHILD,
>
> I won't really write you such a hard letter another time. And can't you really guess what the gentleman meant when he said, "Your head is M.T."? Suppose I were to say to you, "Edith, my dear, my cup is M.T.—will you be so kind as to fill it with T.?" Shouldn't you understand what I meant? Read it and try again.
>
> Another thing I want to say is, please don't think I expect long letters in return for my letters. I like writing letters to you, but I don't like you to have so much trouble in answering them. Next time they leave you alone and you would like a letter, tell me—and I shall be quite content if your answer is nothing but this—
>
> MY DEAR MR. DODGSON,
> I remain,
> Yours affte[ly].
> EDITH.
>
> You see even that short note would tell me something. I should know that you "remain affectionate," which would be worth having, as of course you might have written
> Yours dislikingly.

How to Get Your Money Back. What a considerate and unexacting correspondent Mr. Dodgson was! At the end of the book we find "Eight or Nine Wise Words about Letter-Writing"—a short homily which contains a great deal of good,

"The Three Cocktails." We do not drink a cocktail because it is nourishing or sustaining; we value it for the flip it gives us. We do not brood over it in imagination or discuss its merits with our friends, as connoisseurs do with their '87 port and their 1904 Château Lafitte; but we are very grateful to it at the time, and if it is succeeded by another, and by yet again another, we are more than ever grateful. And this is the case with Miss Alicia Ramsey's "Three Cocktails." They are not, I think, true to life. There never was, and never will be, a family like the Champneys. All families, I suppose, are liable to bouts of internecine warfare; but the rows among the Champneys were on a heroic scale. Compared with ordinary domestic broils, they are as the snarlings of tigers to the squeaking of mice. But, though Miss Ramsey does not aim at verisimilitude, she has ingenuity, a lively pen, humour, conscious and unconscious, and a gift for contriving unexpected and dramatic endings. Very often we are not in the mood to read about dull, humdrum people like ourselves; and in this mood we shall find plenty to amuse us in "The Three Cocktails."

BOOKS REVIEWED.

Letters of Lewis Carroll. (*Macmillan*; 8s. 6d.)
The Three Cocktails. By Alicia Ramsey. (*Heritage Press*; 7s. 6d.)

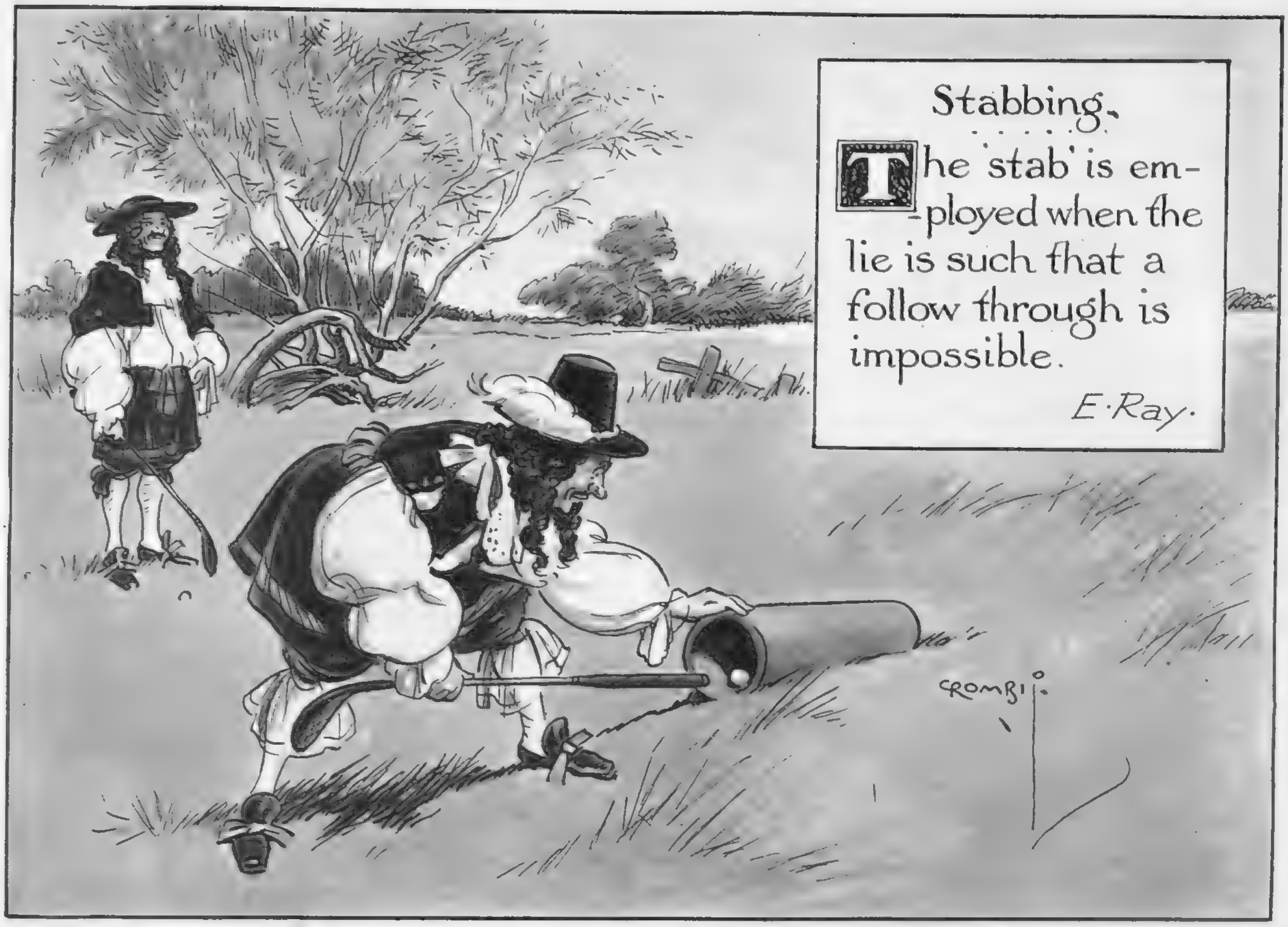
THE

SUN HOLIDAY

The Sun is Life. It was an axiom of the Ancients. In the Dark Ages the power of sunshine as a natural means of health and healing was neglected, but Science, in its sure advance, has led us into the glowing reality of another Sun Age. It is visible in the improved health of nations, in the active minds, the bronzed bodies and the daring and enterprise of modern youth. They are children of the New Sun Age.

The certain enjoyment of sunlight — temperate, healthy sunlight — is one of the stimulating qualities of a visit to South Africa. The ocean voyage, the continuous fresh air, the rest and the completeness of the change —these variations, all in the radiance of summer warmth, make this holiday one long sunbath of recuperation.

Furthermore, it is travel arranged with the greatest ease, simply by communicating with The Director, Travel Bureau, South Africa House, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C.2, or the leading Tourist Agencies. Our special programme, *The Sign of the Springbok* (T), with details of Winter tours at reduced rates, sent *gratis* on request.



This GOLFING WISECRACK, from the pen of E. Ray, is suitably illustrated by Crombie, for the benefit of all painstaking players anxious to reduce their handicaps.

DRAWN BY CHARLES CROMBIE.

FOLLOWING THROUGH.

By SIR GUY CAMPBELL, BT.

A Happy New Year.

Here we are at the beginning of another year, and I take the opportunity of hoping that, for all *Sketch* readers, it may be full of happiness and prosperity. From the golfing point of view, it should be memorable, since three outstanding events will be carried through on as many classic links. The Amateur Championship will be played at Prestwick, one of the most subtle and historic in the rota; the Walker Cup match will once again take place over the Old Course at St. Andrews, also the scene of this year's Army meeting, which coincides with the English Amateur Championship, at Formby; and the Open Championship will be held at Royal St. George's, Sandwich, which, now that water has been laid on to the fairways as well as the greens, should be in magnificent order.

The Walker Cup Match.

The Amateur and Open Championships will be all the more interesting for the presence of the American competitors—the Amateur will almost certainly see the appearance of the members of the American Walker Cup team, and already a number of leading professionals from the United States have signified their intention of taking part in the Open. There is a strong rumour that Bobby Jones may also come over, and if he does, what a rush there will be to see him! But, for all this, it is the Walker Cup match that will specially inspire the minds of all golfers. Each time it has been played over the Old Course, the result has only just gone against us, and this year, with a new generation of young men to choose from, we have good hopes of success. What a grand thing it would be if it came to pass!

Two Young Sides.

America will also have a young side, from what I hear, but there will almost certainly be a captain of experience, not only of golf in this country, but of the conditions and characteristics peculiar to St. Andrews. In our own case we shall also, I presume, have a leaven of experience, and it is good to think that Cyril Tolley is likely to be available. From what I have seen of his golf this autumn, I am convinced that he has it in him to play greater golf then ever before, and no one who saw that historic struggle between him and Bobby Jones, when — as Bobby was the first to admit—the run of the green went dead against him, can contemplate our team without him, if he is in form. Then there is Roger Wethered, who, during the last few months has given definite evidence that he has lost none of his genius, and at St. Andrews he is at his best. It is too early to discuss anyone else, and premature conjectures are of no assistance to our selectors. But, generally speaking, good putters and stout hearts should be our goal, for such win more matches than they lose for their side.

A Flying Visit to St. Andrews.

As I write, I am just concluding a flying visit to the Old Grey City. And what fun it has been! I left the cold and the murk of England, to find bright sunshine, and never enough frost to mar the delights of a clear green. When I arrived the Old Course was being played left-handed, which in old days was the regular custom every other week. A number of *einwohners* have been lifting up their voices in protest. For the life of me I cannot think why. To begin with, it gives the course a rest without putting it out of play. For this the grousers should be grateful, since it ensures better fairways during the season. And if they don't like the left-hand course, which incidentally was played in the first Amateur Championship at St. Andrews, they have two other links to play over, the New and the Eden. But, apart from these considerations, the left-hand course has some of the best holes in golf. The first hole, played to the Road Hole green and the second to the Corner-of-the-Dyke, are two outstanding examples. Indeed, if players will only set out to play it, in the spirit that golf is a point-to-point rather than a scurry over the flat, they will find all the problems they can ask for and many beyond their compass.

A New Drink.

Anyhow, my two brothers and I have enjoyed every minute of our stay. Just one round a day played during its most sunny hours, with three of the few remaining caddies of the old school to guide our efforts, generally criticising them with a terseness and pungency that would hardly be tolerated anywhere else, but is here accepted without question. Laurence Forgan, of the famous firm of club-makers, told me a delightful story of one of our trio. When the golf school was started here recently, this old-timer approached him for employment as a professional. For many reasons this was impossible, but Forgan, not wishing to discuss them, replied: "I 'm afraid that can't be. Anno Domini, you know." Whereupon the applicant drew himself up to the full of his seventy-four inches, and indignantly retorted: "Ah have na touched a drap o' it for ten years, and that ye know!" Forgan also told me that he was working full time, employing a staff of a hundred, which, with the exception of a few girls employed in fixing grips, were St. Andrews men and golfers every one. He said all the signs are for a good season, and among the usual lines of clubs—the Autograph, the Gold Medal, and the Clan Impact Balance—he is making a wooden cleek, with the neatest of heads, small with a curved sole, to fit into close lies. I handled one, and it was a gem. I wish I could stay on to try it.

JANUARY, 1934

1st to 15th inclusive

1st **Racing.** Manchester and Baldoyle.
Hockey. Lancashire v. Surrey. Cheshire v. Middlesex.

2nd **Racing.** Manchester.
Hockey. Lancashire v. Middlesex.
Field Trials. Southern Counties Gundog League (Spaniels), Idsworth, Horndean, Hants.
Exhibitions. Dairy and Ice Cream, Olympia.
Hunt Ball. Brecon.

3rd **Racing.** Worcester.
Field Trials. Southern Counties Gundog League (Spaniels), Idsworth, Horndean, Hants.

4th **Racing.** Worcester.
Hockey. R.A.F. v. Lincolnshire, Cranwell.

5th **Racing.** Gatwick and Haydock Park.
Galas. Publicity Club of London, Grosvenor House. Suffolk County Ball, Bury St. Edmunds.
Field Trials. Labrador Retriever Club, Idsworth, Horndean, Hants.

6th **Racing.** Gatwick and Naas.
Rugby (Union). England v. The Rest. Welsh Trial Match, Cardiff. Upper Clapton v. Streatham. United Services v. Blackheath.
Rugby (Northern). Leigh v. St. Helens. Wakefield v. Huddersfield. Oldham v. Warrington.
Assoc. Football. Arsenal v. Sheffield W. Newcastle U. v. Leeds U.
Hockey. Wimbledon v. Brondesbury. Blackheath v. Old Felstedians.
Amateur Boxing. Portslade B.C., Town Hall, Hove, Sussex.

8th **Racing.** Leicester.
Hunt Balls. Berkeley and Ledbury Hunt, Gloucester.

9th **Racing.** Leicester.

10th **Racing.** Lingfield Park.
Squash Rackets. South of England Championships, Brighton.
Golf. 27 Holes Competition, Hadley Wood, near London.
Hockey. R.A.F. v. Civil Service, Uxbridge.

11th **Racing.** Lingfield Park.
Amateur Boxing. Metropolitan Police Championships, Royal Albert Hall.
Squash Rackets. South of England Championships, Brighton.

12th **Racing.** Windsor.
Squash Rackets. South of England Championships, Brighton.

13th **Racing.** Windsor.
Hockey. R.A.F. v. Southgate. Blackheath v. Staines. Wimbledon v. Beckenham. North v. East, Doncaster.
Amateur Boxing. London Midland A.C., Stadium Club, London.
Rugby (Union). Aberavon v. Pontypool. Upper Clapton v. Nuneaton. United Services v. Richmond.
Rugby (Northern). Halifax v. Salford. Leeds v. Bramley. Barrow v. London Highfield.
Assoc. Football. 3rd round F.A. Cup. R.A.F. v Marlow. Romford v. Uxbridge.
Squash Rackets. South of England Championships, Brighton.

15th **Racing.** Birmingham.
Amateur Boxing. Lynn B.C., Walworth, London.

PUT DOWN IN YOUR NOTEBOOK THE EVENTS WHICH INTEREST YOU. AND, WHILE YOU'RE AT IT, PUT YOURSELF DOWN FOR A WORTHINGTON.

CITY NOTES.

OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

HE was walking round his broker's office, scrutinising, testing, lifting first one letter-basket and then another. The broker watched with amused interest his client's curiosity. Our Stroller turned, looking puzzled and semi-annoyed.

"Nobody gave me one at Christmas time," said the broker in reply to the unspoken but perfectly obvious question. "I hoped that some grateful client——"

He broke off and looked hard at our inquisitive protégé.

"It's all very well," expostulated Our Stroller. "I was in the office of a provincial broker last week, and he opened up a whole arsenal of cocktail apparatus."

"Very nice, those cocktail cabinets——"

"Yet when I come to see you in London, the place is as dry as a solicitor's."

"Too bad; too bad. I'm awfully sorry, old chap. One of these days when I have made enough commission out of you to pay for a shaker, I will see what can be done."

"A chap like you, sitting in the hub of the financial universe, ought to find it easy enough to make a pony or two."

"Ought to, as you say. The fact of four thousand of us being in the Stock Exchange rather suggests, don't you think? that it isn't so easy as it looks—this making of a pony or two."

"That's horse-sense, I'll admit. But can't we lay our heads together——?"

The telephone-bell rang and the broker, apologising, picked up the receiver.

"Hullo! ——'lo! ——'lo!" he cried in crescendo. "What the dev——! Oh, it's the other one. I'm always getting mixed up."

He replaced the receiver and turned to the House telephone.

"Yes, Smith. What? Molasses? Oh, just leave the wire in my drawer and I'll answer it when I come over. Shan't be long. Anything doing? Who? A wire from whom do you say? Why, that's——heavens, man, you haven't dealt, have you? Good. No; rather not. He's notorious. I'll be there in a brace of shakers—shakes, I mean."

He dropped the handle noisily into its hook and turned to Our Stroller.

"One of those enterprising gentlemen," he volunteered, "who send orders by wire to brokers they don't know. Heads-I-win-tails-you-lose brigade."

Fred May's caricatures this week illumine some of those who shine in the development of the ELECTRICAL INDUSTRY. Here is SIR HUGO HIRST, Bt., Chairman and Managing Director of the General Electric Company. He has done much public service.

SIR FELIX POLE—Vice-President of the British Electrical and Allied Manufacturers' Association; Chairman of the Associated Electrical Industries; and a Director of Metropolitan Vickers Electrical Company.

"How does he get business done if the broker isn't acquainted with him?"

"The order might come into the hands of a busy authorised clerk, or it could possibly be executed by a partner who happened to be very rushed at the time and didn't trouble to check the name. But I must go over.

"The other wire," he remarked, as they walked across to the House, "was a question about Molasses."

"I was going to ask you about Molasses," said Our Stroller.

"Pal of mine in here," and the broker nodded at the Stock Exchange, "bought himself five thousand the other day with the intention of doubling his money in a year."

"Rich man? Molasses are not for everybody, are they?"

"You might have a few; put them away in your cupboard of forgetfulness and awake some day to find the price five bob higher."

"My name's not Rip Van Winkle."

"Nor is it the Sleeping Beauty, but you can take my tip and live to bless me for giving it to you. Come up here."

Our Stroller followed him up a flight of stairs, along a short passage and into a room with a score of telephone-boxes.

"Well? What is there strange about this? I've seen many——"

"This, my boy, is our new telephone-room; it's been open only a week or two. The feature is that each box is adapted to send and receive messages on all three systems—local, toll, and trunk."

MR. EDWARD WILSHAW—General Manager of Cables and Wireless, Ltd., and the Imperial and International Communications, Ltd., and their associated electrical companies.

"Aren't they all like that?"

"I don't think so. I was told that this room is *le dernier mot* in telephony."

"*Le dernier cri*, judging by the row some of these chaps are making. Down again? *Facilis descensus.*"

"But not *averni*. Can't you fire off a round of Greek?"

"Greek bonds I've got—to my cost. Is there any hope for them?"

"Hope for all of us, I trust. That's another thing you'll double your money in, one day. Foreign bonds."

"Remember Russia."

"That is what keeps people away from foreign stocks now. They're afraid to touch Argentine or Chilean or Greek or——"

"German?"

"I'd prefer to stick to high-priced industrials. Imperial Tobacco, Harrods, Courtaulds—all the sound and what you call humdrum things."

COL. R. E. B. CROMPTON, C.B., F.R.S.,—a Director of Crompton Parkinson, and of the Aron Electricity Meter, Ltd. He is one of the greatest of the Grand Old Men of Electricity.

"We are not going to make a brace of cocktail cabinets out of them."

"Go away; you and your cocktail cabinets. That reminds me. Come and have a smile at the Contango Club."

They walked across the floor of the House towards the Old Broad Street door. The broker diverged into the Rhodesian market.

"Here's the next scene of activity!" cried a dealer in Rhodesian Selection Trusts. "Copper's up again this morning, and Roans are sixpence bid."

"We might do worse than this," said the broker to Our Stroller. "I shouldn't be a bit surprised to see these things have a run. How about it?"

His client frankly confessed entire ignorance of the whole business. "But anything that you think is good——"

"What are Selection Trusts? The Canadians?" enquired the broker.

The jobber quoted him a threepenny price. "Want to deal?" he asked. "How many? Thousand? Right you are. I'll make it you."

"Three farthings differently."

"Screw! I'll buy them of you."

"Sorry; I'm a buyer myself."

"Oh, confound you! I must do something. Sell 'em to you, then: close."

"Buy a thousand close," said the broker. "Why couldn't you have made me a three-ha'penny price straight away and saved all this palaver?"

"Because if I had, you'd have wanted to deal at the middle," was the swift retort, and the two men grinned happily at each other as they booked the bargain. "Come along."

"Me too?" asked the jobber, glancing at the Kaffir market clock.

The trio crossed Old Broad Street, and within two minutes were in a pleasantly furnished room, containing a few high seats and a couple of buffets. They looked into the club-room, with its comfortable chairs upholstered in scarlet. A chesterfield, little tables, and a big coal fire made the place look cosily cheery.

The broker nodded to several other Stock Exchange members, and asked one of them the best way to make a few pounds in a speculative investment.

"Trepca Mines; put them away and forget them——"

"Something more lively."

"Siamese Tin. Or Tronoh."

"Too staid."

"You won't say so by-and-by."

"I want something more exciting." He looked round the group. "What, old friend," he asked a youngish-looking man, "what would *you* say?"

"Thanks very much. I say gin and French."

A round of acceptances from the rest of the party informed Our Stroller that the broker had dealt.—*Friday, Dec. 29, 1933.*

MR. A. P. YOUNG, O.B.E.—General Manager of the British Thomson-Houston Company.

The Sketch Diary of Fashion

EDITED BY

OLIVE CALEY-SMITH

Brims are the outstanding feature of the new mid-season hats. They may turn up across the front or up at the back, but quite certainly they 'll turn up! A very charming model with more than a suggestion of the Tudor period is seen on the right above. Made in black or coloured felt, it has a folded crown and a softly curved brim with tucks across the side front. It comes from Peter Robinson, of Oxford Circus, W., where the embroidered felt hat shown on the left may be bought for 31s. This is made in white and pastel colours for cruising, and in beige and black for those who have to stay at home.

HARVEY NICHOLS OF KNIGHTSBRIDGE

To HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., LTD.,
LONDON, S.W.1

PLEASE SEND me, without charge, your illustrated 64-page Catalogue of the Fashion and Furnishing Bargains in your January Sale.

Name...

Address.........

(SK).......

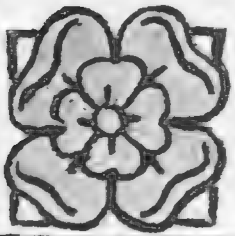
SPECIAL JANUARY SALE OFFERINGS

Regally Lovely Furnishing Fabrics at Sale Prices!

THIS SALE is eagerly anticipated every year—not only all over Britain, but also in many places abroad—because Harvey Nichols' quality is the highest, and because Harvey Nichols' sale prices are unusually tempting!

ROYAL VELVET

FLAWLESS perfection of weave and materials give to this luxurious fabric a sheen very few velvets can even approach—and it is made in an infinite variety of shades, every one of which is unconditionally guaranteed fadeless. 48 in. wide. Originally **5/9** a yard. Sale Price, a yard **4/11**



MARY STUART

THE dignity and conventionality of this printed cretonne, depict both the beauty and the austerity of the late 17th century, when ill-fated Mary, Queen of Scots, embroidered the original design. It is made exclusively for Harvey Nichols and is 31" wide. Also in glazed chintz. Greatly reduced this month to . . . a yard **3/3**

CHARMAYNE TAFFETA

THIS lovely dull-lustred material, which is made exclusively for Harvey Nichols, forms the nearest approach yet made to real silk taffeta. It is dyed to exceedingly beautiful shot effects, in a range of exquisite, fadeless pastel colourings. 50 in. wide. Originally **6/11** a yard.
Sale Price, a yard **4/11**

THE NEW YEAR WELCOMES VIVID PRINTS

Always the first to launch a new fashion, Corot, of 33, Old Bond Street, W., is sponsoring vivid prints for evening frocks. Infinitely flattering and so practical, they seem especially lovely after the sombre colours that have been worn during the first part of the season. The dress on the left shows gay blues, yellows, and rose tones on a dark brown crêpe-de-Chine ground. It has a draped neck and wide belt, the little matching coat, with its frilled sleeves, being tied at the back with long sash ends. In the centre is a black and white crêpe-de-Chine frock which has a flat fold bordering the corsage, and a bolero coat with stiffened folds on the sleeves. Brown, white, orange, yellow, and stone shades are beautifully balanced in the third model, the wing draperies at the shoulders being lined with brown velvet to match the flowers. Each of these models costs eight guineas. Full particulars of Corot's deferred credit system are contained in their new catalogue, which will gladly be sent on request; but it is interesting to note that this concession to the times in which we live has in no way diminished the cash business which has always been conducted in these salons.

SOME NEWS ABOUT WOOLLIES AND CONVENTIONAL TWEEDS

with a glance at the latest shoes and bags

CANNONS OF HOLLYWOOD

There will always be many people who like their country woollies to be conservative in line, but one can rest assured that, no matter how seemingly simple they may be, Jaeger's knitted jumpers never fail to provide a pleasant surprise in the originality and distinction of the stitches used. The very neat jumper and cardigan on the left are of navy blue wool with a long-ended bow and borders in red and white, while the second model is of black with a square white collar that is extraordinarily youthful and debonair. Both come from 352, Oxford Street, W.1., where a sale is now in full swing.

Soft angora in any of the newest colours is used for the delightful country hat on the right. Two variegated feather pads appear on the pointed crown, which has three tucks across the top; it costs 35s. at Henry Heath's, of 105, Oxford Street, W. The coat is of Harris tweed with a tartan wool lining and leather buttons. It has raglan sleeves and the price is 6 guineas.

Sketched below is a pair of black satin-finished kid shoes trimmed with raised stitching to tone. Made also in navy and brown, they cost 50s. at Hanan's, of 203, Regent Street, W. The square matching bag costs one guinea. Beneath these is a pair of side-laced shoes in black, brown, mole, or grey suède, trimmed with stitching. The price is 48s., and the matching bag costs 31s. 6d.

Black and white Scotch tweed has been chosen for the coat and suit on the right. Perfectly tailored by Studd and Millington, of 51, Conduit Street, W., who are offering a discount of 33% on all garments made to measure during their January Sale, the coat has a fox collar, and the suit is double-breasted. The coat can be made from 9½ guineas, and the suit from 7½ guineas.

CANNONS OF HOLLYWOOD

MOTOR DICTA

By H. E. SYMONS.

ON RALLY DRIVERS.

THE motor-racing driver is a romantic figure. Often he is the hero of some novel or film, and his characteristics, his fads and his fancies, are pretty well known to the general public. It is time, I think, that someone sang the praises of the Rally driver. Not so much the man or woman who participates in that, comparatively speaking, milk-and-water affair run within the British Isles, but the really strenuous events like the Monte Carlo Rally. The racing driver, we will agree, is a magnificent type. It goes without saying that he must know how to handle his car at tremendous speeds, his reactions must be instantaneous, and he must drive with his head as well as his hands. In a motor race, as in most other forms of human endeavour, careful preparation counts for far more than luck. According to the nature of the achievement contemplated, hours, days, weeks, or months of careful planning and preparation are called for.

The same, however, applies to a serious Motor Rally. Not only has the car to be got ready and every possible obstacle that may have to be surmounted taken into account, but conditions have to be tackled which seldom, if ever, crop up during a motor race pure and simple. To start with, the Monte Carlo Rally lasts for four days and four nights. It involves travelling upwards of 2500 miles over some of the worst, as well as some of the best, roads in Europe. In some countries the international highway is nothing but a deeply rutted track across fields. As this rally takes place this month, it is obvious that every imaginable kind of weather is likely to be encountered. Floods or snow may bar the competitor's path, bridges may be carried away by roaring torrents, glutinous mud may clog the wheels, or the car may spin perilously on stretches of ice-covered asphalt. Then there is the menace of fog. There may be much dreary driving through heavy rain; there may be hail or snow; at intervals, during the too-short daylight, there may even be brilliant sunshine; but on the whole the weather is almost bound to be pretty unpleasant, and, as 75 per cent. of the driving has to be done during the hours of darkness, matters are not improved.

Wintry weather does not frighten the modern motorist! He knows that he can enjoy perfect comfort on the roads in January in cars like the AUSTIN TWELVE-SIX "ASCOT" SALOON. This particular model was introduced last autumn, and is thus experiencing its first winter.

This 40-50-h.p. ROLLS-ROYCE CONTINENTAL TOURING SALOON is an exceptionally beautiful car.

The Rally driver, therefore, has to see that his car is capable of getting along at a high average speed whatever the circumstances should arise; consequently, he goes off with immense tyres, quantities of non-skid chains, spades, ropes, straps, de-ditching gear, and perhaps a hundred-weight of spare parts. His car is equipped with powerful long-range head-lamps, fog-lamps, and spot-lights—possibly he may even carry skis to fit beneath the front wheels. Everything has to be secured against vibrating loose on really terrible road surfaces. Apart from all this, the route has to be mapped out with tremendous care, and stops for petrol, meals, etc., planned beforehand. The wise Rally competitor makes himself out a time-table as complicated as any that may be found in Bradshaw, so that at any given point he knows just where he is, and how much time he has got in which to get to the next control.

The mental make-up of the Rally driver must consist, in large measure, of a good temper and the much vaunted "*phlegme britannique.*" There is nothing more trying for nerves or temper than to be shut up in a car with two or three other people for four days and nights, getting very little sleep and very little food. The crew of a Rally car needs picking with care. As far as possible, each driver must handle the car in such a way that meets with his companions' approval—the Rally can be quite nerve-racking enough without being frightened by the behaviour of one's spare driver! The ability to drive at high speeds for very long periods indeed by night or by day, the skill to handle the car on ice or snow as well as on good, dry tarmac, a constitution which can do with very little sleep—these are all essential qualities.

Not only must the members of a Rally car crew be equally good drivers, but they ought to be just as good mechanics and map readers. The driver and navigator always sit in front, the spare driver or drivers attempting to get some sleep in the back. It is an unwritten law that the man in the back seat must never be disturbed; but he sometimes has to be, if, for instance, he is the only one who can read a map intelligently, keep a log, deal with some mechanical trouble, or speak a foreign language.

I take off my hat to any complete crew of a Rally car that reaches the finish on as friendly terms as when they started. I have known estrangements of twelve months or so to spring from a hasty word spoken at some tense moment on an ice-bound road; but somehow or other, by the time the next Rally comes round, all these little troubles are forgotten and one remembers only that So-and-So is a jolly good driver, and full of pluck and good humour. Truly, the man or woman who steps from the car on the Quai de Plaisance at Monte Carlo, wearing several overcoats, a fur hat, and tottering from lack of sleep, is just as much a figure of romance as the sprucest track-driver in his snowy overalls.

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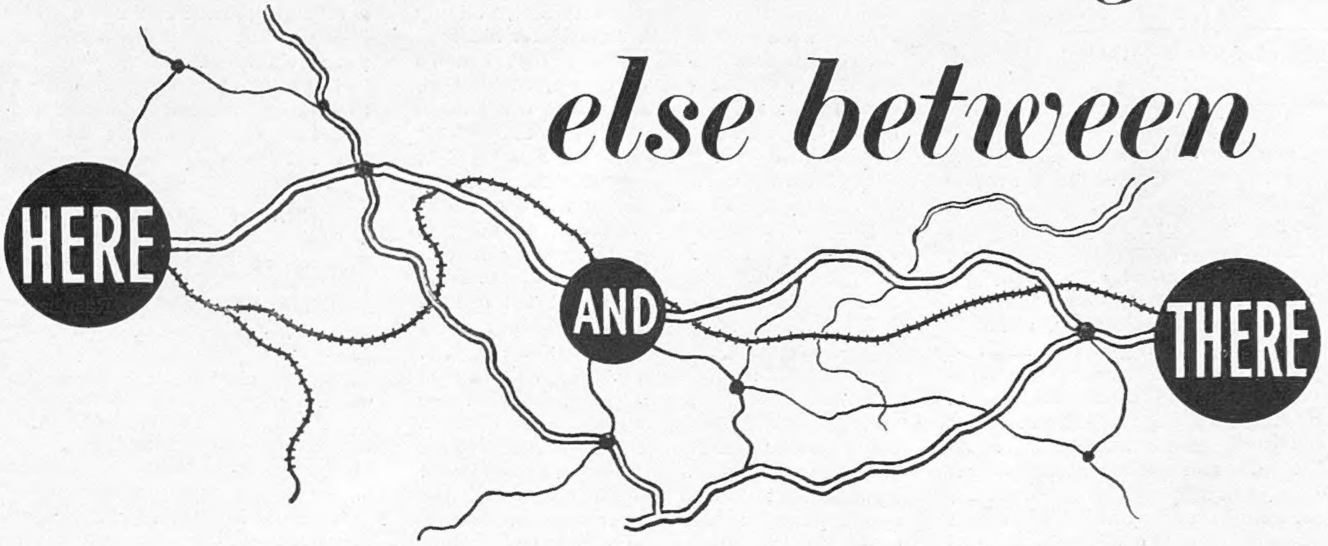

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(See Page 34.) 3/1/34.

BROWNING ON BRIDGE: DXXXVI.

CONTRACT ARITHMETIC.

A LITTLE time ago I said that at least 500 points per rubber were lost by poor Defensive play. This, I have been told, is a gross exaggeration—"a most unjustifiable criticism—an impossibility!" says one reader. The sum total thrown away by bad play is, if anything, under-estimated: 1000 points per rubber would be nearer the mark.

The fact is that contract-players, although well able to count up their Quick Tricks, and to add together (on their fingers) the *count* of their combined picture cards, have but a slight knowledge of Bridge Arithmetic as applied to finished games and rubbers. So the loss of a trick is reckoned at its *present* value of 20 or 30 points, as the case may be, plus, perhaps, the odd 50 that might have been scored above—say 70 or 80 points in all; to get at the *real* value of that trick lost it is necessary to multiply these amounts by about 100, making the gross loss 700 or 800. The simple way to look at it is this: A makes a game contract, and scores it; say 100, plus 300 (game); but he should have been one down (50), so that mistake has cost 450 points spot cash! If the mistake loses a two-game rubber, then bad play has cost 850 points. In another way—A is *allowed* to play a two-trick contract which he never ought to have been allowed to hold; he makes it and scores, say, 40 below; or, thanks to poor defensive play, he scores this 40 when he should have been down. So far, no great harm has happened, but on the next hand A scores an honest 60 below—game; again that mistake in play has cost a total of anything between 450 and 850 points.

I am not thinking of "hard luck" cases, but of sheer foolishness in bidding and play, and let me say here that "safety first," blindly followed, is a prolific loser at contract bidding; the two most idiotic remarks that can be heard at contract (or, of course, at auction, either) are: "I never thought he could make it, so I left him in!" and "I left him in because the bid was *safe*!" It is never *safe* to allow opponent to pick up something for nothing! As regards the actual play of the cards, here are two examples that occurred to me this week. In each case my partner was a regular club player. Opponent was playing the hand at four hearts. My partner had bid spades. I led a small spade, and dummy put down king, knave, ten, nine of spades; knave, x, x, of hearts, and nothing else. My partner won the first trick with the queen, and led the ace, which was ruffed; dummy got in with his only *possible* card of entry—the knave of trumps, made two spade tricks and rubber! Explanation: "I *hoped* you could ruff the spade, partner; and I never thought dummy could get in, even if you couldn't!" Next case. I bid a diamond as dealer; left-hand opponent got the play with a four-spade contract. My partner led the knave of diamonds; dummy put down four spades to the queen; ace, king, queen, x of hearts; king, x of diamonds; and king, x, x of clubs. The knave of diamonds held the trick, and my partner led another! Now, my original diamond bid *must* have had club support; the only chance of saving game was to pick up two tricks in clubs and two in diamonds before declarer got in to run off his spades and hearts. A club lead at trick two *might* save game; the second lead of diamonds probably will lose it, and that was the lead made by my partner!

Arithmetic, too, goes astray in doubles. When you double a short of game contract, say three spades or hearts, you are laying big odds on bringing it off—about five to one. When you double a game contract—say five clubs—you take the chance of bumping into a re-double, when again you will find yourself laying heavy odds about something that is not worth while. One way and another, then, it is pretty clear that defensive play, thanks to lack of card sense, lack of bidding values, and lack of restraint in doubling, loses not 500 but 1000 points per rubber.

SOLUTION OF CROSS-WORD PUZZLE, DEC. 27

ACROSS.—1. Restaurant. 7. Marrow. 8. Soot. 9. Revel. 11. Twelvemonth. 13. Mere. 14. Molar. 17. Dream. 19. Cedar. 21. Plum-pudding. 25. Leper. 26. Order. 28. Raspberry. 29. Mince-meat. 30. Endives. 31. Alleged. 32. Dude. 33. Grin.

DOWN.—1. Rime. 2. Exalt. 3. Three. 4. Unwove. 5. Assumed. 6. Trounce. 9. Roam. 10. Ennoble. 12. Hamadryad. 15. Acme. 16. Reprieved. 18. Anger. 20. Address. 21. Plume. 22. Upended. 23. Instal. 24. Gobbler. 27. Dragon.

MRS. B. KEMP, Byculla, Newmarket, was the sender of the first correct solution of the Crossword Puzzle published in our issue of Dec. 20 to be opened on Wednesday morning, Dec. 27. A cheque for £2 has been forwarded to her.

We much regret that, in our issue of December 20 last, a Fred May caricature was incorrectly titled. It showed Col. W. Allen Foulkes, who should have been described as the Manager of the Manchester office of Messrs. Reynolds and Gibson, the well-known cotton brokers and general produce and metal brokers. Col. Foulkes is not a partner in the firm.

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PLAYS YOU MUST SEE.

"THE LATE CHRISTOPHER BEAN" (St. James's). 8.30.—Comedy. Edith Evans, Louise Hampton, and Cedric Hardwicke.

"TEN-MINUTE ALIBI" (Haymarket). 8.30.—Thriller. Robert Douglas, Jessica Tandy.

"MUSIC IN THE AIR" (His Majesty's). 8.30.—A musical adventure. Mary Ellis.

"RICHARD OF BORDEAUX" (New). 8.15.—Historical play. John Gielgud, Gwen Ffrangçon-Davies.

"THE ROSE WITHOUT A THORN" (Duke of York's). 8.30.—Henry VIII. brought to life by Frank Vosper.

"THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME" (Queen's). 8.40.—Satirica comedy; with a marvellous part for Marie Tempest.

"FRESH FIELDS" (Criterion). 8.30.—Comedy. Lilian Braithwaite, Ellis Jeffreys.

"THAT 'S A PRETTY THING" (Daly's). 8.15.—Lively musical farce by Stanley Lupino. George Gee; a diamond necklace with several replicas; and theft. Peter Haddon, Pearl Osgood.

"BALL AT THE SAVOY" (Drury Lane) 8.15.—Operetta. Oskar Denes, Rosy Barsony, Barry Mackay, Maurice Evans, and Natalie Hall.

"NICE GOINGS ON" (Strand). 8.30.—Leslie Hensonic farce with music; plus Robertson Hare, Zelma O'Neal, Sidney Fairbrother, and Marjorie Brooks.

"NYMPH ERRANT" (Adelphi). 8.30.—James Laver's novel, with music and decoration; dominated by Gertrude Lawrence.

"A SLEEPING CLERGYMAN" (Piccadilly). 8.30.—James Bridie's clever play of heredity. Brilliant acting by well-cast company. Ernest Thesiger, Dorice Fordred, Robert Donat, Bruce Belfrage.

"LABURNUM GROVE" (Duchess). 8.30.—Edmund Gwenn, excelling himself in J. B. Priestley's ingenious crook-comedy, lets out his sinister secret in the first-rate third act.

PLAYS WELL WORTH SEEING.

"ESCAPE ME NEVER" (Apollo). 8.30.—Variation on the "Constant Nymph" theme, to display Elisabeth Bergner's brilliance.

"AFTERWARDS" (Whitehall). 8.30.—Walter Hackett's farce. Marion Lorne, Ronald Squire, Gordon Harker.

As they are generally regarded as Christmas entertainments rather than as plays, we have not included in our lists the following West End productions: "QUEEN OF HEARTS" (Lyceum); "TREASURE ISLAND" (Comedy: matinées); "WHAT HAPPENED TO GEORGE" (Wyndham's); "CHARLEY'S AUNT" (Gaiety); "BABES IN THE WOOD" (Scala); "TOAD OF TOAD HALL" (Royalty): matinées); "PETER PAN" (Palladium: matinées); "HANSEL AND GRETEL" (Cambridge). All are worth seeing.

FILMS YOU MUST SEE.

"LADY FOR A DAY" (Coliseum).—May Robson and Warren William in a grown-up fairy-tale.

"I 'M NO ANGEL" (Carlton).—Mae West.

"THE PRIVATE LIFE OF HENRY VIII." (Leicester Square Theatre).—Charles Laughton reveals the lighter side of history.

"LA MATERNELLE" (Academy Cinema).—Comedy and tragedy in a Paris nursery school.

"14 JUILLET" (Academy Cinema).—Revival of René Clair's satirical comedy.

"TURKEY TIME" (Capitol).—Tom Walls, Ralph Lynn and company in excellent fettle.

"THE BOWERY" (New Gallery).—Wallace Beery and George Raft bossing the Bowery.

"CLIMBING MOUNT EVEREST" (Polytechnic).—Chronicle of the 1933 Expedition.

"L'ORDONNANCE" (Rialto).—Dignified dramatisation of a Guy de Maupassant story.

"EMIL AND THE DETECTIVES" (Cinema House).—The delightful German comedy of youthful adventure.

"FRIDAY THE 13TH" (Marble Arch Pavilion).—All-star cast in the story of a fortunate accident.

FILMS WELL WORTH SEEING.

"AUNT SALLY" (Tivoli).—Cicely Courtneidge as a cabaret star.

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